

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

"Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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POLITICAL NOTES.

"I don't know who will be elected Governor on the first Tuesday of November, but I do know that Hartranft will not be."—[Dr. Browne's Speech.]

The Philadelphia Press suggests that Barnum secure Allen and Piollet and exhibit them, whereupon the Norristown Herald says that "P. T. prefers his curiosities."

Signs of the approaching Congressional season thicken on every hand. The reports of the various members of the Cabinet will be made up and sent to the President within the next two weeks. Considerable activity is now pervading the departments in the labor of preparing statistics and other matter which will be incorporated in the reports of the secretaries. As soon as the President receives the reports he will commence the writings of his message.

John Morrissey's victory was a big one. He did not live in the district in which he ran; he was a candidate only for eleven days before his election; his opponent was born in the district, had been elected to the Senate two years before, was the pet candidate of John Kelly, and started in the race with a majority of some sixteen thousand in his favor. The Hon. John Morrissey will make a fine show in the Senate of the State of New York as he did in Congress. When Ben. Wood goes up to Albany now, he will find some one there able to match him at poker.—[Gazette & Bulletin.]

The Pittsburg Telegraph, a Republican newspaper, gives expression to a great deal of truth and common sense when it says that the victory in this State was neither a triumph of hard money, contraction or inflation. If the financial question had not been settled in Ohio, it would undoubtedly have entered largely into the canvass in this State. As it was, but few of the orators of either side touched upon the question, the canvass for the most part, being fought on the personal merits of the candidates. Many of the prominent Republican speakers, in the campaign just closed, in alluding to the question of resumption, gave out that the act of January last would be repealed when it was demonstrated that it was unwise, and its folly being daily more plainly and strikingly exemplified, in repeated and numerous business failures, and in the shrinkage of assets without any appreciable decrease in liabilities. It will not do, therefore, to say that the political victory was an endorsement of forced or sham resumption.—[Gazette & Bulletin.]

SINCE the recent election there is no question about the Centennial president being a Republican.

MASSACHUSETTS last year elected a Democratic governor. This year the Republicans elect their governor by a handsome majority. California, then Massachusetts, proclaimed that the tide of Republican victories shall reach from ocean to ocean.

ROBERT AUDLEY BROWNE, the Temperance candidate for Governor, received about seven thousand votes in the State. Centre county gave him almost six hundred, and is the banner county of the State for Browne.

IOWA, Kansas, Nebraska, and other Western States feel good this fall. Not only have they flayed the Democracy, but cribs swell with grain, hay and fodder stacks abound in mountain piles, and the corn fields are fairly round-shouldered with the weight of mammoth ears. Hurrah for the successful year.

WE reported last week, as did also the "Watchman," that New York had gone Republican. The first dispatches received at this office seemed to indicate such a result, but the latest intelligence is that the State has gone Democratic by about ten thousand majority for the State ticket, but the Legislature is largely Republican. This is a great gain for the Republicans, as the Democrats carried it last year for Gov. Tilden, by over fifty thousand majority.

THE OLD CONFLICT IN A NEW FORM.

We have just passed through a political contest in this State, in which the Republican party have redeemed the State from the hands of the Democratic party, to which, as could be seen by the election of a year ago, we were drifting. But hardly will the tumult and smoke of the conflict have cleared away before we shall enter upon the great presidential contest of 1876. It is quite apparent now that in that contest the old secession element of the South, united with the Democratic party of the North, will be on one side, and the Republican party of the North, united with colored people in the South, on the other. It will be the old conflict over again, but transferred from the trenches to the ballot box.

In this struggle the combination last mentioned will have great advantage over the combination that produced the war. When it came to that many many Democrats, who were thoroughly loyal, joined heartily with the Republicans to preserve the Union. But these are not likely to leave their party in any ballot box conflict. On the other hand the slave population in the Southern States were, however, unwillingly a great strength to their masters in the war, as their labor provided the necessary supplies to carry it on.

In the approaching contest the colored population will doubtless be a great strength to the Republican party, wherever they are not prevented from voting by intimidation and violence. In the majority of the old slave States, unless the Federal Government shall interfere to protect colored voters, they will count in favor of their masters, for the number of representatives will be in proportion to the population, and the whites will not only put in all the representatives to which their numbers entitle them, but all the representatives to which the colored population is entitled. There may be some means found to frustrate this enormous injustice, but if there is, such papers as the *Democratic Watchman*, of this place; the *Philadelphia Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Sun*, and other papers of like ilk in New York, and all over the country, will unite in one loud chorus of indignation against Federal interference with State affairs—"elections carried by bayonet," etc., etc., etc. Either the government must do what is right under the constitution, and protect the freedmen in their God-given rights, or else they will be deprived of those rights in a great many Southern States, and blood will flow, and many innocent persons suffer, and the great wrong will cry to Heaven for reparation. But if the lines shall be drawn very distinctly between the Democratic party, with Rum, Rome, Repudiation and slavery, on the one hand, and the Republican party, with temperance, public schools, an honest payment of our obligations, and justice to the freedmen, on the other, the conflict may be a hard one. But we cannot but think that the result will be a victory for the side of justice and morality.

THE DEMOCRATIC "WATCHMAN" TAKES TO RELIGION.—In contemplating the recent inglorious defeat of its party, the "Watchman," says: "For years Providence has permitted us to be defeated, and we must accept the present result as the final act of that providential discipline." In the language of Cromwell to Cardinal Wolsey, when contemplating his great fall, and the Christian hope his overthrow gave rise to: We are truly glad your Grace has made that light use of it.

—The County majorities, as per table in another part of the REPUBLICAN, are as follows:

Pershing, for Governor, 1,407.
Boyer, for Senator, 1,096.
Munson, for Sheriff, 1,283.
Musser, for Treasurer, 718.
Williams, for Prothonotary, 1,459.
Burchfield, for Register, 1,295.
Tobias, for Recorder, 1,082.
Mingle, for Commissioner, 1,206.
Hall, for Commissioner, 1,241.
Gregg, for Commissioner, 131.
Adams, for Coroner, 447.
Greist, for Auditor, 1,253.
Gilliland, for Auditor, 1,262.

THE REVIVAL MOVEMENT IN BROOKLYN.

Encouraged by the remarkable results which attended their labors in the British Isles, and in response to numerous requests, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the so-called Evangelists, have commenced a series of meetings in Brooklyn, New York, and their purpose is to hold similar meetings in the principal cities of the United States. These two men spent over a year in Ireland, Scotland, and England, and their ministrations were attended with a success unknown since the days of Whitefield. All classes of society exhibited a deep interest in their work, from the humble peasant to the highest ministers of State. The name of ex-Premier Gladstone was mentioned as being present at many of their meetings, also that of Lord Shaftsbury and several princes of the royal family. Of course, on account of their nationality and their disregard of the forms and ceremonies of the established church, they had opposition and their field of labor, on this account, was somewhat restricted. They were looked upon by Catholics and English churchmen as strolling Yankees, who had incorporated into their religion the same elements of success which Barnum had brought into business. Hence came the absurd story which was believed by some, that the great showman was at the bottom of the movement, and that Moody and Sankey were only his paid agents.

The American people took a deep interest in the labors of these two men, but we suspect that national pride had not a little to do with it. We were gratified at the fact that the religious heart of Great Britain was deeply stirred by the humble efforts of two of our citizens; that lords and ladies, and even royalty itself, attended upon their ministrations, and that the dignitaries of the established church were frightened at the influence which their labors had upon the masses. The feeling which we had respecting them was very much like what we would have toward any two of our fellow citizens who should achieve a great business success in foreign parts.

It is generally agreed that there is nothing especially remarkable about these two men, and their success was the only thing remarkable about their labors in Europe. Moody preaches and Sankey sings. The former is an undersized, stocky man, with no pretensions to eloquence. He is forcible and energetic, and relies principally upon these qualities to attract and hold the attention. He speaks with great rapidity, has a nasal twang, and is abrupt and homely about many of his expressions. He reads the Scriptures with great rapidity, and often makes mistakes which he is obliged to go back and correct. He seldom speaks more than twenty minutes at a time, and when he notices the least uneasiness in his audience, he pauses and calls upon his co-laborer for a song.

There is said to be great magnetic power in the musical efforts of Sankey. When the announcement is made that he is to sing, everybody is hushed to silence. He is very modest in his performance, and everything is evidently prearranged. He sometimes prefaces his song with a few remarks, and sometimes offers up a short prayer. He is said by those who have heard him to be an elocutionist of song, and uses the rhetorical pauses with fine effect. His voice is full and strong, and his enunciation clear and distinct. He is a large-sized, well-developed man, with pleasant face and pleasing address, and a winning way that finds a welcome in every heart. But there are hundreds and thousands who can sing as well as he, and as with the preaching of Moody, so with the singing of Sankey—the effect is a remarkable phenomenon.

The series of meetings commenced in the Brooklyn rink, which had been fitted up for the occasion, last week, and it is estimated that on Sunday, week ago, more than one hundred thousand persons desired to gain admission. In speaking of this meeting a correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says:

The clergy and churches had asked all the world to attend, and all the world responded.

The morning service was very orderly. But such a crash as was witnessed in the afternoon was never before seen in these parts. There are thousands of people who devote Sunday afternoon to recreation. They almost fill Prospect park. Coney Island is black with visitors. The gardens and beer saloons of East New York have visitors that are counted by hundreds. On Sunday, Coney Island was deserted; the Park was thinned; the public taverns, corner groceries and beer gardens were empty; and the just and the unjust, the holy and the vile, the religious and desperate classes surged through Clermont avenue. People came from every imaginable place. Crowds came from New Jersey, Staten Island and Harlem, from upper New York and lower New York—half of the people to witness they knew not what.

It is said that there are to be religious movements all along the line during the coming winter, and it is confidently expected that there will be a great awakening. While the first condition of success is faith, and its existence a promise of its fulfillment, it must be faith in God and not in man. And is there not an appearance of a lack of true faith, when half a dozen of the leading evangelical churches in the country are competing for the labors of Moody and Sankey, as if their presence, and that alone, could insure success? Or is it a confession that the popular preaching and singing have become so "high-toned" that they fail to move and lift the hearts of men? If so, the reformation should commence in the churches and among the preachers themselves. They should go back to first principles and preach the Word in its simplicity, and, disbanding the costly choirs, substitute for the modern operatic music the simple melodies of former days. Herein, most certainly, lies the success which attends the labors of Moody and Sankey, who are simple-minded, earnest workers, and other workers may profit by their example.

OUR ASSOCIATED PRESS LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 9, 1875.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

To the stranger that is within our gates, and who purposes remaining a few days in our city, let me advise a visit to Girard College. The institution is open every day except Sundays, and tickets of admission can always be obtained at the Public Ledger office. The College is located at Nineteenth street and Girard avenue, and is one of the finest specimens of Grecian architecture in this country. On entering the College grounds the visitor will be surprised at the horticultural display that greets the eye. The sarcophagus, in which the remains of the eminent founder of the College lie, is placed in the large hall-way, immediately opposite the entrance to the College.

After the visitor looks at the casket, with a statue of Girard, standing in every day costume above it, he should wend his way to the roof of the College, which is of solid marble, and rising step by step from eaves to ridge. Here the best view of the city of 150,000 houses and almost a million of people, is obtainable.

The property left by Girard, applicable to the erection of buildings and the maintenance of orphans, is valued at \$6,000,000. In the buildings, erected at a cost of \$2,000,000, in accordance with the will of Mr. Girard, about six hundred children are there fed with plain but wholesome food, clothed with plain but decent apparel (no distinctive dress ever to be worn), and lodged in a plain but safe manner, and instructed in the various branches of a sound education, comprehending reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, navigation, surveying, practical mathematics, astronomy, natural chemical and experimental philosophy, the French and Spanish languages (Greek and Latin not forbidden) and such other learning and science as the capacities of the several scholars may merit or warrant.

Mr. Girard further enjoined and required that "no ecclesiastical missionary, or minister of any sect whatever shall ever be admitted for any purpose or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college."

It is due to Mr. Girard to say that in making this restriction he did not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect, whatever, but there being such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, he desired to keep the tender minds of the orphans who were to derive advantage from his bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. "My desire is," said he, "that all instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow creatures and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

We cannot take leave of this subject without recalling an incident in the life of Girard not generally known: In 1793 the yellow fever made its appearance in Philadelphia and devastated the city; all who could left for the country, often the dead remained unburied until putrefaction took place; hundreds of patients at the Bush Hill Hospital were left by their nurses in the most deplorable condition, and others to take their

places could not be had for love, affection or money. At this critical period, Mr. Girard, a man of wealth, and in the very prime of life—42 years of age—volunteered his services, and while others, far less able to do so, fled, terror-stricken from the plague, Mr. Girard served sixty days and nights at the post of honor, which was the post of danger among the dead and dying of that hospital.

There is no man, living or dead, of whom this country has greater cause to be proud, than of the founder of Girard College, where six hundred fatherless boys are, year after year, fed, clothed, and given almost an academic education.

THE CENTENNIAL.

A casting has just been made of an anvil for the forging of the crank-shaft for the engines now being made for the Centennial. The casting, when finished, will weigh twenty-five tons, but twenty-eight tons of the metal were poured into the mould. A large company of gentlemen and ladies assembled to witness the operation, and it was an operation well worth witnessing.

They watched the process closely, the escape of the liquid iron from the furnace into huge kettles, each holding several tons; the transfer from the kettles into the large reservoir until the reservoir contained a sufficient amount, and then the handling of that immense mass of molten iron as gently as though it were but a half pound in weight, and the pouring of ton after ton into the "basin," as easily as pouring warm molasses out of a pitcher.

Everything worked smoothly and like clock work, and those who never before seen such an operation on so large a scale, were well repaid for their trouble. The shaft to be forged on this anvil will be nineteen inches in diameter, three inches larger than any ever made heretofore. The engines which are to furnish the power for the machinery at the Centennial Exhibition will be of 700 horse power each, and will be the most powerful engines ever built in this, or any other country.

For the information of the thousands of people who daily visit the Centennial buildings from every section of our country, I would state that the colossal figure which surmounts the Art Building, is intended to represent Pocahontas, as the German artist—Mr. Meuller—saw her at the Court of St. James. This accounts for the oddity of a squaw in an eagle feathered head-dress of true Indian style, and habited in a pink dress and a tight-fitting, stylish double breasted coat. As the Centennial is designed to represent the progress of American Art, it is very proper to have in the most conspicuous place possible, this caricature, so that we may contrast Gordon's heroic Statue of Washington, for instance, with it.

The warrant department of the U. S. Treasury is engaged in preparing statements showing the expenses of each department of the government since organization, for the purpose of exhibiting them at the Centennial. It appears by this exhibit that our Navy has cost us \$1,000,000,000 since it began operations. The expenses of the other departments are not yet finished.

OPINIONS—POLITICAL.

Chairman Hendrick B. Wright, of the Democratic State Committee, says it is all "due to the money and treachery of New York Democrats." Hon. Richard Vaux, 36-carat-gold-money-Democrat, regards it as very "bad policy to swap horses crossing a stream." John Miller, as chairman of the State Committee, was the fight last year, and it was all wrong to make Wright chairman this year.

Aleck McClure, homoeopathic Democrat, is of the opinion that Red-nosed Charley, Stuttering Jimmy, Blink-eyed Bill, Gopher William, Bloody the Butcher, and the rest of the repeaters, did it all.

Col. William B. Mann, allopathic Republican, thinks that to the purity of Hartranft's life, public and private, and to the unimpeachable record he has made for himself as Executive of the Commonwealth, is due the result.

One of the unaccountable incidents of the political campaign is, that "Aleck" McClure, after depreciating in his paper every day for the last ninety days, the "debauched system" of politics, as represented by the Republican party in Pennsylvania, voted the entire Republican ticket, from Hartranft to Bingham. "The debauchery, profligacy and plunder, which confronts the majesty of the law, and has no fears for the omnipotence of justice," seem to have lost all their terrors, as "Aleck" neared the polls, else why voted he to continue the "debauched rule of the Pilgrims?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Just as the choirs and organs of our city churches were sounding the crescendo notes in Te Deum, on Sunday, the shrill whistle, and harsh clang of the gong of the fire-engines, told of a fire raging somewhere in our midst. The fire was soon ascertained to be at the Carleton Mills, operated by Philip C. Garrett & Co., and owned by David N. Lord, of New York. The total loss is about \$450,000, and the insurance on stock, machinery and buildings, \$375,000. The mill was one of the finest cotton and woolen mills in this country, and running, upon full time, gave employment to about nine hundred hands, all of whom were thrown out of employment. What they will do through the long dreary winter now upon them, for bread, God only knows. This is the largest fire we have had here for eight years.

On Wednesday morning, as Catharine

Costello, aged 89, was on her way to children's mass, with her little granddaughter, she was knocked down by the leader of ten mules, drawing two cars laden with milk; she was knocked across the track, and being unable to stop the team, the driver attempted to pull her off; the wheels, however, went over both her legs, just above the feet, and two hours later she died.

J. W. F.

The Big Bonanza Banquet.

The Gorgeous Glories of the Lincoln Club Palace.

No workman choosing to accept the responsibility of the invitation to attend the *soiree dansante* at the Lincoln Club Rooms on Smithfield street, last night, we detailed a young man for the special duty of writing it up, which he does in the following ornate style:

Upon being ushered into the rooms we were nearly overwhelmed with the blaze of magnificence that burst upon the gaze. To describe which we saw is next to impossible. The floor to begin with, is an unrivalled piece of workmanship, being laid in mosaics of satin-wood, bird's eye maple and burr-walnut, polished till it shines like a mirror, and costing \$25 per square foot. The walls and ceilings are richly frescoed in the most charming colors and in the most magnificent and elaborate designs. The brackets, pendants, chandeliers and candelabra are either of solid gold or heavily plated, while the window brackets are of solid gold enameled and the curtain holders are composed of immense sapphires, opalesques and rubies.

Twelve burl tables, with their supports and sides inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and satin-wood, are arranged on the four sides of the main salon, while the other rooms are supplied with marble tables. Six ornate jardineres, crusted with rubies and onyx and inlaid with pearl, also occupy the main salon. Everywhere were the most rare and beautiful exotics, bouquets, and the richest treasures of the herbarium, among which alabaster fountains were playing highly scented rose-water, while gold censers gave out the odor of roses and violets, and all the rare fragrance of the Gardens of Gullistan and Araby the Blest.

The drapings of the windows are gorgeous beyond description. Crimson satin lambrquins, lined with subdued pink, depend from deeply mounted gilt cornices, each supported by three golden eagles with chateaus. The curtains, four yards deep, are of the finest lace, and a connoisseur places the cost of draping each of the six great windows at \$2,000, or \$12,000 in all.

Each guest, was received by card, carried on a gold salver by the outer door-keeper to the inner doorkeeper, and carried by the latter on a pure crystal card tray to Mr. Thomas H. Phelps, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, and audited by Messrs. Negley, Bigelow and Magee, stamped with a pearl monogram "L. C." in a silver wreath, and returned to the outer door. Each guest was dressed in full evening costume, with toilets of almost fabulous cost. It was hard to tell which wore the most diamonds and precious gems, the ladies or the gentlemen. All were in a perfect blaze. The value of the diamonds worn was put at \$350,000, while that of the other precious stones, with their settings, was placed at \$150,000.

The feast itself was one of more than royal magnificence, each guest being attended by a colored waiter dressed in black broadcloth, white satin vest, with silk apron, and pearl-colored kid gloves. The frames of the tables, as were the chairs, were of solid mahogany, while the tops were composed of alternate strips of satin wood and sandal wood. The table covers were of the most priceless linen, with embroidered scarlet silk borders ten inches deep, with napkins to match. Gold and silver vases filled with table flowers, and the China was of the rarest pattern. Gold goblets, crusted with diamonds, rubies and sapphires, took the place of glasses. All the upholstery was of the richest satin, in pink, blue and gold, and the tapestry of priceless brocade, fringed with lace.

The *carte de table* was printed on white satin, with a crimson border deeply embossed and overlaid with silver *fleur de lys* supporting golden bees, humming-birds and butterflies, with a large Oriental pearl in each of the four corners. The menu itself, printed in gold letters, comprised all the rarest delicacies known to the art of cuisine but we are unable to give it, as each *carte de table* cost \$250, and our reporter did not have the greenbacks to entitle him to one. The wine list embraced wines that would have tempted Chiron or Sideron Atriate, and were of the vintages of '87 and '40.

When the tables were cleared away the dancing began, to the rarest music, furnished by an orchestra imported from New York at a cost of \$10,000. In the midst of the music and dancing the glitter of diamonds and pearls, and the shimmer of satins and laces, the flowers and odors filled the guests with the enchanting languors of Paradise, and they seemed to be in another sphere, superior to this dull, cold, every day world.

Outside, the ragged little match girls were trying to earn a loaf of bread, and within a radius of five miles of this gorgeous scene, 10,000 idle workmen were wondering where to-day's dinner was to come from.—[Exchange.]

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

Poetry.

Our Common Schools.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Air, "Star Spangled Banner."

[Sung at the meeting in Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening, in behalf of the Bible in public schools.]

Come, come to the call, for the conflict is near;
And the clarion is heard through the breadth
Of the nation,
And we rise from our sleep for the cause that is dear.

While we rally as one for our free education;
O ye sons of the free! let the temple be bright,
On the rock of the Truth, with its pillars of light.

While the blessings of freedom shall roll o'er the land,
And the school, with the Bible, unshaken shall stand.

Let the people be taught in the truth that we love,
In the schools of the free, and the glories of union.

As we watch the pure beams from the fountain above,
And march on in bonds of a holy communion;

Let the doors open wide! Let them ever abide,
As we build the fair temple with hope and with pride!

Till the dome shall be lost in the blue of the skies,
And the songs of the free round the altars shall rise.

Then down to the future the trust shall be given,
And age unto age keep the temple forever.

While glory and peace, with the radiance of Heaven,
Shall smile the bold hand that our birth-right would sever.

Then come to the call! for the conflict is near!
Gird on the strong sword for the cause that is dear.

And swear by the altar where freemen have trod,
The vow of devotion to truth and to God!

The Bunch of Wheat.

We bend to-day o'er a hallowed form,
And our tears fall quietly down;
We look our last on a father's face,
With its tranquil peace and its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

As we touch our own to the dear, cold hands,
From life's long labor of rest,
We notice a bunch of golden wheat,
Plucked as a token of love so sweet,
And laid on the silent breast.

Flowers would have whispered of fadeless bloom
In a land where fall no tears;
But the ripe wheat tells of the toil and care,
The patient waiting—the trusting prayer,
And the garnered good of years.

We knew through what labors his hands had passed,
Through what rugged places his feet,
And we joyed in the peace on his brow so white,
As it shone in the ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for the gathered grains of good,
From the ripened harvest that is shining good,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then faithful toil, that in death you may go,
Not only with blossoms sweet;
Not bent with doubts, or burdened with fears,
Or with dead, dry husks of life's wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat.

God is Love.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

The words of the olden time,
Give place to truths far more sublime,
The mist and darkness roll away,
And the light of coming day.

God's mighty power o'er all the land,
Will break old superstition's iron band,
Till not one fetter shall remain,
Or be worn by souls again.

Truth's mighty love is ocean-wide,
Its power greater than ocean's tide,
Resistless as the march of time,
Its tidal wave so grand, sublime—

Shall sweep old error from its path,
And for the old-time God of wrath,
Shall open wide the doors above,
And show us there, that "God is Love."

Our Story Teller.

My Hero.

"I shall build the wall, Nelly."

"Why, uncle dear," I said, "how changeable you are. It was only yesterday you told me you had given it up altogether."

"Yes, I had yesterday, Nelly; but I've altered my mind to-day. I shall build the wall, and carry it right round the house, and have high gates, and a big key to lock 'em up, and keep it in my pocket."

"Why—whatever for?" I said, laughing.

"Because," he answered, as he put his arm round me, and began stroking my hair in his dear old loving way—only it does tumble it so—"because it's quite time; else I shall come home one of these days and find it a home one longer, as some of these fellows have carried off my little housekeeper."

"Oh, uncle!" I said, turning all hot and red, as I bent down cutting Phil's sandwiches; "how can you talk such foolishness?"

"Ta'n't foolishness, my little lassie," he said, watching me very hard; "its nature, Nelly. Murry put it to me plump and plain yesterday—spoke right out."

"What about, uncle?" I said, feeling hotter and quite angry.

"What about, pussy?" he said chuckling. "Of course, you don't know. Told me like a man he loved, and said he thought he ought to tell me so; for if he didn't he felt as if he had come to the mill under false pretenses. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm sure uncle," I cried angrily, "I never gave Mr. Oliver Murry the least encouragement. Oh! don't, uncle, you're coming off all flimsy on my dress."

"To be sure I am, Nelly," he said, laughing, "same as I have hundreds of times, like a jolly miller should. And so you've never given him any encouragement, eh?"

"Never, uncle," I cried indignantly; and in spite of all I could do, the tears would gather in my eyes, and one fell pat on the bread and butter between which I was laying slices of meat.

"Why, you wicked young fiend," he

cried, laughing, "every look out of those eyes is an encouragement; every wave of that sunny brown hair; there's an encouraging dimple in that cheek; another in that, and one in your chin. Why, pussy, pussy, you are a wicked little encouragement to all the young men for miles round—from top to toe—and I don't wonder at Parson saying what he did."

"What did Mr. Wilson say?" I cried eagerly, for I loved our dear gentle old clergyman, and many a time I had been round with him in his visits to the sick and aged in the village, where his benevolent face and silvered head were always welcome.

"What did he say?" laughed uncle, placing his great hand under my chin and looking me full in the face; "why, that he should forbid you the church—have you locked out, because the lads were all staring at you instead of listening to the sermon."

"It's all nonsense," I cried, angrily, for I'm sure I never thought I was nice looking, and what uncle said seemed to trouble me.

"It's all nonsense, too, about John Fleming, I suppose," said my uncle, watching me very narrowly. "Wonderful how fond that chap's got of me lately?"

"Has he, uncle?" I said, bending over the sandwiches.

"Has he? Yes, he has; he calls whenever he's going into town, to see if he can do anything for me; calls of an evening to ask how the horses are; calls for a morning to tell me the price of wheat; hang him, he's always calling, he's so fond of me—eh, Nelly? You've seen it, haven't you?"

"I—I—I think I've seen that Mr. Fleming does come very often, uncle," I said, and I knew my neck grew scarlet as I tied the sandwiches up in a little packet, and though I tried so hard I kept getting more confused—the more so that I knew dear uncle was watching me narrowly.

"Yes," he said, dryly, "should think you had," and he sighed gently. "Nelly, my little lassie," he said, taking me once more in his arms, speaking very seriously, "it's all very natural, and I don't murmur, though it'll be a black day for the old mill when my darling's taken away."

"Oh, uncle!"

"Yes, I say when my darling's taken away; but don't be in a hurry, my child. All isn't gold that glitters; many a good, true little heart has been won by a handsome face and smooth words, when, if that good, true little heart had the wisdom to see it, there has been sterling worth and a more faithful love hidden behind a rough outside. It isn't the ruddiest apple in the orchard that's the best, Nelly. There's many a better one with a rough skin, that's better-tasted and firm and sound, where your handsome, streaky fruit's bitter, mealy, and rotten at the core."

I couldn't help it now. I burst into tears.

"Has Nell Murry said anything to you, Lassie?"

"No, uncle," I said angrily; "and if he did, I—"

"Should say no to him—eh, lassie?"

"Yes, uncle, of course," I exclaimed; but all the same my heart kept beating strangely.

"I'm a plain, blunt man, my dear," he said; "and I tell you I'm sorry for it. Oliver Murry's a staunch, true man, well-to-do, and as open and honest as the day. Has Fleming said anything to you?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't—I was choking.

"Silence gives consent," he said quietly.

"Well, my dear, it must come, I suppose, some day; but don't hurry, my child, don't hurry. I won't thwart you in your wishes, but if I must lose you some day, I should like to feel that you'd gone to a happy home."

I hardly know what followed, only that I threw my arms round his neck and was sobbing on the honest, broad old breast, where I had so often cried myself to sleep when first he fetched me, a poor trembling little orphan, years before, to his own widowed home, where he had shared his love between me and his own child, cousin Philip, ever since. I know I sobbed and cried as if my heart would break, as I told him again and again that I loved no one but Philip and him, and that I never, never wished to go away from the dear old mill.

I was in the midst of one of my most passionate protestations, when some one cried—

"Hallo! what's the matter?"

"I turned hastily away, for there was Philip, with his fresh, young, eager face and wide-open eyes at the door, fastening his pony's bridle to the ring, while he came in to fetch his sandwiches and the puffs which I had made for him to take to school."

"Hallo!" he said again, "what's the matter; has cousin Nelly cut herself?"

"Here," said uncle, gruffly, "you take your dinner, sir, and be off. You'll be late."

"Oh, no I shan't father," cried the boy.

"Then you'll be galloping the pony all the way, you dog," said uncle. "Now, look here, Phil, you're about going mad

over that pony. You cantered across the low meadow last night."

"Yes, father," said the boy, hanging his head.

"And you've got to jumping the ditch—now don't deny it, sir; there are the hoofmarks in the soft turf."

"I wasn't going to deny it, father," said the boy, frankly. "It was only a little ditch, and Jack Sanders said I couldn't."

"Oh!" said uncle, sharply; but I know he looked pleased the while; "and so then if Jack Sanders or any other chuckle-headed fellow dares you to do anything, you're to break, eh? Now be off to school!"

"All right, father!" cried the boy; and the moment after there was a tramping of the pony's hoofs outside, and with my eyes now dried I walked with uncle round to the front of the mill cottage, where we stood at the gate as, bright, happy and eager in the sunny morning, the boy cantered along and dashed down to where the glistening river ran bubbling over the pebbly ford.

"Look at the young dog!" cried uncle, sharply, but with a smile on his face, as Phil drummed the pony's sides with his heels and galloped through the water, sending it splashing, flying and sparkling in every direction.

I smiled up in uncle's face, and we went back into the house together, the pretty old place standing in its beautiful garden, with the busy water-mill and the wooden bridge about fifty yards away while the bright little river ran noisily along its bed, after turning the great plashing wheel; and all round the great high Derbyshire hills shut us in from every blast.

Don't be in a hurry, my child," uncle said, seriously, as he kissed my forehead. "And now, for business—Why, hallo!" he said, tapping the barometer, "how the glass is going down. Rain, my dear, and lots of it before long. Well, the river's very low."

He went out then, and I tried to be busy over the household affairs, but somehow I couldn't keep my thoughts off uncle's words; and when once I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, it was to see that my cheeks were red as fire.

At last I was sitting in the little parlor, working by the open window, feeling more at peace, when I heard footsteps which set my heart to beating furiously, and a minute after there was a tap at the door, and John Fleming came in, after our homely, neighboring style.

"Ah, Miss Wilmot," he said, "I've just come back from the town. I thought Mr. Wilmot would like to see the paper. Isn't he here?"

Now, as John Fleming stood there, flushed with exercise, a fine, handsome, tall fellow of five-and-twenty, I couldn't help thinking what a picture he made of health and manly strength. My heart was beating fast, for I knew he professed to love me, and in my girlish way I was attracted to him, he was so attentive, so fond of waylaying me, and so tender and respectful in his ways; but fresh from my conversation with Uncle then, I could not help feeling that it was an underhand way of coming to see me, to drop in with such an excuse, when he perfectly well knew that Uncle was in the mill, as he always was at that time of the day.

"Uncle is in the mill," I said; and I meant to speak coldly, but somehow the words could not sound as I meant them to sound, and the next minute he had drawn a chair to my side, and was talking to me as he had never spoken before. He was calling me Nelly and praising my beauty; telling me he loved me with all his heart, and that if I refused him he never should be happy again. And all the time his handsome face was bending over me, and when I dared to peer into his eyes they were looking so earnestly into mine that I grew flustered, and trembled. When I tried to speak my voice was all of a shake, and I kept on thinking as he spoke of what happiness it would be to have him loving me through life as he said he would; and I'm afraid that my face betrayed this, for he kept on talking more earnestly each minute.

And still through all came dear Uncle's word—"Don't be in a hurry; and when I asked myself, Do I love this man, the answer came, and I felt that I should like to run away, and cry all by myself, but he tightly held my hand.

"You know I love you, Nelly," he whispered in deep, earnest tones, and he tried to take my other hand, which I was drawing away, when I heard voices coming, and I heaved a sigh of relief as John Fleming started up, looked through the window, and then gave his foot a stamp of vexation.

"Here's that lout Murry," he exclaimed, and he snatched up the paper he had left fall and stood in the middle of the room as Uncle came in, closely followed by Oliver Murry, who gave a start as he saw Fleming, and then his frank, honest face twitched and I saw a cold, gray shadow cross it, and I knew that he was suffering intense pain.

"Ah, Fleming!" said Uncle, quietly, "you here?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilmot," said Fleming, smiling; "I brought you over the paper, that's all. Just off. Good morning."

Good morning, Miss Wilmot," he said, pressing her hand.

"Good morning, and thank you, my lad," said Uncle, quietly, his eyes fixed on me the while; and then with a short nod to Oliver Murry, John Fleming went out, while our other visitor crossed to me in a quiet, grave way, and I could see now the pain I had caused shining out of his soft, earnest, gray eyes; for had not this man, with all the tact of a gentleman, told my uncle that he loved me?—though, save in his grave, gentle way, and little kindness, he had never shown it to me.

I could not help comparing the two men—the one tall, handsome, *distingue*, the other broad-shouldered and plain—as I said a few words distantly in reply to his inquiries; and I saw his lip quiver as I read him through and through, as a girl may read any true, frank man; and he was saying to himself, "God bless her! may she be happy with him." And then, in spite of my outer coldness, the throbbings of my heart began, as I could not help thinking how true and earnest and tender was this grave, gray-eyed man toward the woman who he felt was gone from him forever; and my heart seemed to swell with a great pity for one who could be such a gentleman at heart.

"I think you're right, Murry," said Uncle, tapping the glass again. She's gone down again in the last hour or two, wonderful."

"I could hear the distant thunder as I came across," said Oliver, gazing at me the while. "They're having a heavy storm on the hills, and I thought I'd come and warn you."

"Thanky, my lad, thanky," said Uncle. "Murry will have a bit of dinner with us. Nelly, but, hang it, man, what's the matter? you look like somebody else. You were as cherry as a cricket as we came."

I dare hardly glance at him, but I did; and I saw the grave, pained eyes wander from me to Uncle, and there was a terrible silence in the room.

At last he spoke.

"I've been took aback, Mr. Wilmot," he said, with a piteous smile; "I have been surprised this morning, and after what I said to you, sir, it has come upon me like a thunder-clap. I'm not myself—I—Miss Wilmot," he said, making an effort over himself, and speaking calmly, as he came to where I stood, feeling white now, and took my hand, we may be neighbors for years, so I think it better—to speak out plainly—said some words to your uncle yesterday—in ignorance—I did not know what you know now, or I would not have spoken. I meant to have—to have asked you to be my wife, for I was blind to everything—but the fact that I loved you very dearly. Now it is all over, and I say—God bless you! May you be very happy!"

He raised my hand to his lips and kissed it as if I had been a queen, and my heart swelled more and more, with the great pity that filled it even to bursting; and as he dropped it and stood gazing reverently at me, I could bear no more, but ran up stairs to throw myself on my bed and lie there sobbing as if my heart would break.

I don't know how long I lay there, dinner and everything forgotten but those two soft, tender, piteous eyes looking into mine, when I started up awake to the fact that the room looked very dark, that it was thundering very heavily, and there was the sound of rushing waters.

I hastily bathed my eyes, which were now dazzled by the lightning, and smoothed my hair to go down below; but out at the front the rain was coming down in a sheet, and the little river had swollen so that its frothy surface was level with the foot-bridge.

"Oh, miss, a'n't it awful?" said a voice at my elbow. "Master's at the mill with Mr. Murry and the men, and they're afraid something'll be swept away—oh!"

The girl—our maid—gave a shriek as a vivid flash of lightning seemed to fill the house; and for the next hour the lightning, rain, and thunder was incessant, though I never left the window for a moment.

Once, in the midst of it all, uncle and Oliver Murry came running up from the mill, drenched both of them to the skin, to fetch a screw-wrench and a couple of crow-bars; and the water streamed from them as they said a few cherry words, telling me not to be afraid, and then ran back.

Suddenly the storm seemed to be swept back toward the hills, the rain ceased as if by magic, the thunder grew more distant, more rare; but as I hastily tied on a hat, and went out over the streaming paths, the sight of the little river was now terrific. The water was almost black, but covered with foam, as it rushed along. The bridge was washed away, corn sheaves, dead sheep, loose hay and trees were being whirled along, and if it went on swelling I could see that the mill would be in danger.

"Ah, Nelly, dearest!" said a voice; "I've come to see if I could be of any help to you;" and turning, there stood John Fleming, well dressed, dry, and untroubled, as he threw off a macintosh.

Just then out from the mill came uncle and Oliver Murry, grimy, soaked

and with their hair clinging to their foreheads.

"Ah, Fleming! come to help?" said uncle, grimly; "better stand aside my lad; we shall soil you."

He laughed and whispered something to me about Oliver Murry's appearance; but I turned away indignantly, as Murry smiled pleasantly, and said:

"Ah! I don't look like much of a lady's man now."

"Oh, good heavens! I forgot that boy," cried my uncle, and he ran down a few yards to the edge of the stream, waving his hand frantically; for there on the other side of the swift current, now a hundred yards broad, came our boy Phil, cantering on his pony, where should have been the ford, but which now was a fierce torrent fifteen feet deep.

"Back, Phil, Back!" cried my uncle; and we all waved our hands to him; but the reckless boy, who heard nothing for the roar of the waters, made our blood run cold, for without a moment's hesitation he gave the pony the whip, dashed down the road and plunged in to swim across.

I uttered a shriek, I think for the first time in my life; uncle gave a groan and staggered back; Oliver Murry stood as if turned to a stone; and John Fleming caught me in his arms and tried to turn me away from the dreadful sight; but I struggled from him to see our darling wave his hand for help, as the torrent swept him and his pony out farther into the stream.

Once the gallant boy tried to turn the pony's head to swim back, but he was in the power of a torrent that would have mastered a hundred times the Shetland's strength, and I knew that there was not a particle of hope.

We all ran down to the side of the rushing stream, and could now see the boy's despairing look, as he waved his hand to us, while John Fleming ran about crying—

"A boat, a boat! Go back, Philip, go back!"

"Oh, uncle," I cried, catching his arm, "you must not—you cannot!" for he was taking off his coat.

"Oh, my boy! my boy! I he groaned."

"God help me, I can't swim a stroke!"

At that moment my eyes fell on Oliver Murry, and I felt again poor Uncle's words, even in that horrible time of trial. The man was noble—handsome now in the wondrous look that came over him; for while the speck-and-epan well-dressed rival ran calling for help, the other had thrown off his coat, vest and boots, and rolled up the dripping shirt over his muscular arms.

One moment he was at my side, to catch my hand, as his bright gray eyes looked into mine, saying plainly, for I read them—

"Good-bye!"

The next moment he was running from us, twenty yards down the rushing stream, where, with a dash and a plunge, he forced his way in and swam boldly out to try and meet the drowning boy.

I pray heaven I may never again see such a sight as that; though my heart throbbled with joy the while as I saw my hero struggling on, now swept away and whirled around in an eddy, now borne under in a whirlpool, while the pony battled bravely on amid-stream, without Philip, who was now swimming alone, but sinking—sinking as I watched him, unable to remove my eyes from the horrible sight.

It was like a hideous nightmare. I remember Fleming coming to me, to draw me away, and I believe I struck at him with my hands to keep him back. I remember seeing uncle running along, far out in the water that threatened to sweep him too away; and I remember seeing our darling sink while Oliver was swimming far below. Then all seemed to be misty, dreamy and confused, till I woke like one from a trance to hear the shouting of those by my side, for I could not have been insensible a minute.

"Yes!"—"No!"—"He'll never do it." "He's got him!"—"No, no, it's all over!"—"Oh!"

There was one deep groan in chorus then, and I dashed lower down the stream to see how low in the rushing water a dark head and a pair of staring eyes, not twenty yards away from the edge. Then I saw the strong swimmer was spent, was being swept away, and that all was over, when the stream bore him against a standing tree, to which he clung till a brave fellow swam to him with a rope, and I saw what seemed to be three bodies dragged ashore.

It was a hard fight for life even then, for both Murry and my darling were insensible when carried up to the mill cottage; but willing hands were about the doctor, and Mr. Wilson helped; and that evening I knelt by Oliver Murry's bedside, holding his hand as I wept over it tears of thankfulness and joy.

I don't think it was then, but two days afterward, while I was his nurse, for he was very ill, cut and injured by the stones of the valley-side—that, in answer to a question, I told him he was mistaken about John Fleming.

"But you love him?" he said, in a faint whisper.

"No," I said in a low voice, "and I never could."

Need I tell you that I hid my blushing face in his two hands, that were stretched out feebly to me? or more than that, need I say that for many, many happy years I have been the wife of Oliver Murry—my hero.—G. Manville Egan.

Mary and Her Lamb.

Who Mary was, and the Author of the Poem.

Wm. B. Sawyer writes in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* an interesting personal history of the poem, "The Lamb at School," so familiar to all. The lines

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,"

have been repeated millions of times, and there is not a child in all the country who has not heard them. The poem has been parodied, paraphrased and translated into the dead languages. And yet, scarce any one knows who is its author or whether it is fictitious or founded on fact. It is, perhaps, in the truth of the story that the secret of its popularity lies. For it is the true account of an incident that happened sixty-one years ago, not fifty miles from the Cradle of Liberty. And "Mary," a delightful old lady of three-score and ten, still lives and cherishes the memory of the event. The writer, on a recent visit, craved from her own lips the true story of the affair, and reproduces it as nearly as possible:

"It was when I was nine years old," she said, "and we lived upon the farm. I used to go out to the barn every morning with father, to see the cows and sheep. They all knew me, and the cows, old Bread and Short-horn and Brindle, would low a good-morning when I came to their stables. One cold day, we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved and almost frozen, and father told me I might have it if I could make it live. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket and fed it peppermint and milk all day. When night came I could not bear to leave it for fear it would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settee and I nursed the poor thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this we brought it up by hand until it grew to love me very much, and would stay with me wherever I went unless it was tied. I used before going to school in the morning to see that the lamb was all right and securely fastened for the day. Well, one morning, when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the lamb could not be found and, supposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to be a great singer, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamb bearing me, followed on and overtook us before we got to the school-house. As it happened, we were early, so I went in very quietly, took the lamb into my seat, where it went to sleep, and I covered it up with my shawl. When the teacher came and the rest of the scholars, they did not notice anything amiss and all was quiet until my spelling class was called. I had hardly taken my place before the pattering of feet was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for its ward. Of course the children all laughed and the teacher laughed, too, and the poor creature had to be turned out of doors; but it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the wood-shed till night. Now, that day, there was a young man in school, John Roulston by name, who was on a visit to one of the boys and came in as spectator. He was a Boston boy and son of the riding-school master and was fitting for Harvard College. He was in our school, and a few days after, gave us the first three verses of the song. How or when it got into print I don't know."

Thus she ran on, telling of the care she bestowed on her pet until it grew to be a sheep and she would curl its long wool over a stick; and it bore lambs until there was a flock of five all her own; and finally how it was killed by an angry cow. Then she brought out a pair of her little-girl stockings, knitted of yarn spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which had been raveled out and given away piecemeal as mementoes. John Roulston died before entering college. What the world lost in him who wove into verse and immortalized them, both the story of Mary and the Lamb, no one may say.

An Assistant Conductor.

Oh, she was an A I Conneaut belle of the "very first water," or more; and she married a regular fair-haired "swell," who clerked, and he clerked, till at last he fell into trouble with some of the money; and they went out West, in a way, folks tell, not particularly funny. And after a time the belle came home, the old folks for to see; and the neighbors asked when they found she'd come, what her husband's biz might be? "Oh, he is a railroad man now," she said; "Assistant Conductor," said she; but some one asked, as he shook his head, what the dickens that might be. And then, with that high old "style" of hers, she answered the interrogation: "He assists in stacking the speed of the cars when the train approaches a station."

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EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

New York, Nov. 9, 1875.

The excitement over our municipal election, or, to speak more correctly, over New York city's share of the general election, has not even yet subsided, and the most remarkable thing to be noted in connection with it is, that, although Tammany polled a large vote, every one you meet says, "didn't we beat them?" John Kelly got a few of the tried together on Thursday night and tried to give them some consolation, but "balm" was scarce, the atmosphere was heavy with the proverbial "if," and the general effect was one of mournful depression. The fact is, that New York has had enough of "bosses," and the newspapers, too keen to run counter to the popular currents, were, with almost the sole exception of the *Tribune*, opposed to Tammany and "Boss" Kelly. The struggle for supremacy was fully recognized by Tammany, and some of her leaders, confident of success, were loud-mouthed in their boasts that, "after election, Tammany could tell the papers to go to—."

Well, those men have some new ideas now concerning the influence of intelligent journalism upon popular thought, and are most anxious to disavow their former expressions. The history of New York politics affords numerous instances of the power of the press, but none more marked and signal than this, and it is to be hoped that the lesson will not be forgotten.

It seems as though we were to have forever an unending topic for sensation and excitement in the

BEECHER SCANDAL,

that unquenchable nuisance which has just broken afresh in two new spots. Plymouth church has expelled Frank Moulton's wife from its membership, nominally because she did not attend church with sufficient regularity, but really because she had been a most damaging witness against Beecher, in the famous suit. A more ill-advised action could scarcely have been imagined upon the part of this devoted, but blundering congregation, for it gave her an excellent opportunity to renew in her formal protest, her charges against the pastor, and she did so in the plainest possible manner. Well may H. W. B. exclaim "save me from my friends," for to them he is really owes all the unfortunate publicity which has been given to his alleged infidelity. Mrs. Moulton is a pretty, modest-looking and bright woman, with as much "pluck" as

her husband, and as this has become a battle, a *Fortran* between Beecher and the Moulton family, much more trouble-making may be looked for from her. But this is not all. Brother Beecher's congregational brethren have formally appointed a committee to investigate the case and see whether he should not be put outside the denominational pale. Unfortunately for him, he did not have the appointment of this committee, and his horizon is sadly overcast.

Does anybody remember having

FOUND A MUMMY

which they had not lost. Because one has gone astray, and few people would be likely to pick up such a thing without noticing the fact. A mummy here has been occupying the time of the marine court with a suit of recovery of the value of a dead Pharaoh. By the way, I can't at all understand the province of that court. From its title one would think it should deal with questions in which water is mixed up some, but anything less juicy than a mummy it would be hard to imagine. Judgment was given for the defendant, as it could not be made clearly apparent that he was responsible for the mummy's loss.

The

WHISKEY MEN

of New York profess to be jubilant over the arrest of Wm. McKee, senior proprietor of the *Globe Democrat*, of St. Louis, for alleged participation in the frauds of the whiskey ring in that city. They claim that their business is confined altogether to straight goods, and that, since the institution of proceedings against a leading supporter of the administration, they have now some hope of being free from the heretofore ruinous competition of "crooked" manufacturers. From their point of view, no other arrest would have been so significant as that of Mr. McKee. It will however require much more than prosecutions of illicit distillers to remove the whiskey trade, which is at the present time in a sufficiently depressed condition to gladden the heart of a son of temperance.

MOODY AND SANKEY

claim that their revival work over in Brooklyn is succeeding to the realization of their most sanguine hopes. Certainly the attendance upon their meetings is very large, and many persons profess conversion through their agency, and an unusual impetus has been given to the work of independent revivals in the churches. At the same time, there is in the community a great deal of sharp criticism of the manner in which they prosecute their labors, and this criticism comes generally from the conservatively religious people who find themselves positively shocked by some of Mr. Moody's utterances. He is undoubtedly an earnest, well-meaning man, but the homely way in which he clothes his thoughts oftentimes excites the levity of the unthinking and causes the judicious to grieve. For instance, a few days ago he presented God as saying to Moses: "Now Moses, you get down into Egypt and deliver the people of Israel, and when anybody asks you sent you, say 'I am' hath sent me unto you." While that may have been accepted as the purport of the Divine communications of this free and easy colloquial rendering of the Almighty rather jars upon nice susceptibilities. And this is by no means an exceptional instance of Mr. Moody's familiar way of dealing with Divinity. He is at it all the time, and often says things more odd than this. It is to be regretted that so great a defect should exist in work animated by such noble purposes.

AMUSEMENTS

In New York at the present time are rather depressed. Edwin Booth is going through a round of tragedy at Daly's, and has fairly good audiences of the sort of people who go to tragedies as they do to the opera, not because they are amused thereby, but for the much better reason "that it is the proper thing to do." There is no enthusiasm in the matter, however. Sad as the confession may be, New Yorkers prefer to laugh rather than shudder, and where a powerful tragedy or blood-curdling melodrama will draw ten auditors, one hundred will go to see a lively comedy. Unfortunately there is no lively comedy here just now. At Wallack's they are doing Tom Taylor's "Overland Route," but that is rather a lugubrious kind of fun, and at Booth's, Fox is playing the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," which is old and stupid. The variety theatres are in wretched plight.

The Comique is said to be on the verge of failure; the Eagle, although new and beautiful, is doing almost nothing, and even the Olympic, under Poole's able management is believed to be losing money. Only the German Opera is making money, and it is doing so mainly in consequence of its possession of Wachtel, the phenomenal tenor. Florence is making a long run of the "Mighty Dollar," but he is rich and can afford that luxury. The best illustration of the power of mighty dollars is that they can force a run out of such a piece as this, which, while professing to be a comedy, is in reality nothing but a dramatic caricature.

Have you, in your vicinity any young men whose ambition inspires them to come to New York to achieve fame and

fortune in journalism? If so, by all means let them come. There is a dearth of talent, a lack of workers. We have here now only

THREE THOUSAND JOURNALISTS

in this city. That is the number closely estimated by an old New York newspaper man, and takes in, it is believed, all, or nearly all, who make their living by writing for the daily, weekly and monthly press of the metropolis. Does it not seem perfectly apparent that there must be room for a few thousand more? Such, at all events, seems to be the impression abroad in the land. Youths with lofty aspirations come here from all directions by nearly every train, each boy hoping to be a second Greeley, and the majority have good luck if they can get back home. A Frenchman has defined a great city as "a maelstrom for the destruction of human lives and angelic hopes." If so, journalism here, at least, may be deemed an especially dangerous vortex within the whirlpool.

Do.

—A stitch in time saves nine, therefore if you want to save money do not lose any time in going to Sechler's to buy your groceries.

—You can get the best five-cent cigars in town at Sechler's grocery store, in the Bush House Block, opposite our office. If you try them once you will not fail to call again.

—Don't pay fabulous prices for clothing, when you can have just the nearest fit you ever saw, and at a moderate price, by going to John Montgomery's, No. 6 Brookerhoff Row.

—We suggest to the officers of the Bellefonte Library Association that, if they would have a gas light erected in the stairway leading to the rooms, they will confer a substantial favor on all frequenters of the rooms. It is both unpleasant and dangerous to go up and down those stairs in the dark.

—Passengers on the B. E. Valley road are, as a class, the cleanest people in the world. At least we judge so from the fact that three years ago a neat little rack was placed in a conspicuous and handy place in each car, and in it a new Bible, and to-day every Bible is as clean as the day it was put in.

—The new M. E. Church at Howard is approaching completion. It is a substantial brick building, with a neat little spire. It will be dedicated about the holidays, and the lady members propose to hold a festival on Thanksgiving day to raise funds for furnishing the auditorium. The present pastor, Rev. Mr. Colburn, is an excellent preacher and an accomplished gentleman, and is beloved by his congregation.

—Harry, a little son of Mr. William Newcomer of this place, died suddenly on Thursday of last week, of croup. He had only been ill for a couple of days, and previous to the fatal illness had hardly ever been sick. He was a bright-eyed handsome little lad, with eyes bright as dew-drops; he was the pride of the household and his loss irreparable. It is a sad, sad stroke indeed for these sorrowing parents to lose the cherished idol of their household, the dear little son whose very being had clung so closely and been ingrafted so tenderly around their hearts; and only a faithful reliance upon Divine Providence and a firm belief in the mercy of the Savior, can afford that satisfaction and peace of mind which this bereavement must otherwise have banished. The sorrowing parents have our heartfelt sympathy.

—From the World's Dispensary Printing Office and Bindery, Buffalo, N. Y., we have received "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in plain English; or Medicine Simplified," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Counselor-in-chief of the Board of Physicians and Surgeons at the World's Dispensary. Whoever helps humanity in its struggle with its inherent weaknesses and diseases, to bear or cure, is its benefactor. Ignorance is not only of itself a cause of disease and morality, but it is the enemy of every effort to cure or mitigate. Nothing will so speedily remove this cause as knowledge (an elementary one at least) of the diseases to which we are heir, as well as those superinduced by our own imprudence. Dr. Pierce has rendered, in our judgment, a benefactor's service, both to the afflicted and to the profession, in his diagnosis of the diseases treated of, and in the presentation of the philosophic principles involved in their cause and removal. He is sparing of remedies, and usually prescribes such as are safe in unskilled hands. As a book merely of abstract knowledge, it is exceedingly readable and interesting, especially the following subjects:—Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Pseudo-Hygiene, the Nursing of the Sick, Food, Ventilation, etc. In one chapter on another subject, so delicate in its nature that it is shut out beyond the domain of warning to all but physicians, so secured in its results in modern society, he is most explicit, and to society, shows the truth as presented in the teachings of the Scripture,—that life begins with conception,—with great force, to which is added faithful warnings.

Price of the Medical Adviser \$1.50, sent post-paid. Address the author at Buffalo, N. Y.—*Pharmacia Presbyteriana*.

—Of Sechler & Co. you can buy anything you want in the grocery line and be sure of getting a first-class article. He also keeps the very best cigars and tobacco, crockery and earthen ware, and all kinds of country produce. In fact it is about the only place in town where you can be sure of getting just what you want.

—Mr. N. Comstock, a teacher in the Phillipsburg public schools, died on Friday afternoon last of typhoid fever. He was a good man, and a successful, conscientious teacher.

—Rev. R. Dunlap, late pastor of the Baptist church, Phillipsburg, has accepted a call from the Baptist congregation at Lock Haven.

—James Carter's blacksmith shop and contents, valued at \$100, was destroyed by fire at Houtzdale, on Wednesday last.

—Consult our advertising columns if you want to know where to buy goods cheap. These men who advertise are the men who are anxious to sell, and of them you can always get better bargains than of the man who feels that he is well enough fixed so that he need not to advertise. When you come to town call on some of our advertising patrons, and see if what we tell you is not the exact truth.

—We would remind our readers that the evangelistic meetings commence in the county on Thursday, at Milesburg, and in Bellefonte on Saturday evening, at the Methodist church. For full list of meetings see last week's REPUBLICAN.

—Taylor is the banner Republican township in Centre county this year. Last year the Democratic majority for Latta was 10; this year Hartman's majority was 15, showing a Republican gain of 25, and the vote polled was larger than any year since 1860. We feel grateful to our staunch Republican friend, Mr. G. B. Campbell, for working so earnestly and so successfully in his own township for the party this fall, of which he is one of the most industrious and enthusiastic members in the county. It was just such sincere, hard-working Republicans all over the State, as George B. Campbell, who held our party down to their work and made our success assured.

VEGETINE

—WILL CURE—

SCROFULA,

SCROFULOUS HUMOR.

Vegetine will eradicate from the system every taint of scrofula and scrofulous humor. It has permanently cured thousands in Boston and vicinity who had been long and painful sufferers.

CANCER, CANCEROUS HUMOR.

The marvelous effect of Vegetine in case of Cancer and Cancerous Humor challenges the most profound attention of the medical faculty, many of whom are prescribing Vegetine to their patients.

CANKER.

Vegetine has never failed to cure the most inextinguishable case of Canker.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.

The Vegetine meets with wonderful success in the cure of this class of diseases.

PAIN IN THE BONES.

In this complaint the Vegetine is the great remedy, as it removes from the system the producing cause.

SALT RHEUM.

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, etc., will readily yield to the great alterative effects of Vegetine.

ERYSIPELAS.

Vegetine has never failed to cure the most inveterate case of Erysipelas.

PIMPLES AND HUMORS OF THE FACE.

Reason should teach us that a blotchy, rough or pimply skin depends entirely upon an internal cause, and no outward application can ever cure the defect. Vegetine is the great blood purifier.

TUMORS, ULCERS OR OLD SORES

Are caused by an impure state of the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly with Vegetine, and these complaints will disappear.

CATARRH.

For this complaint the only substantial benefit can be obtained through the blood. Vegetine is the great blood purifier.

CONSTIPATION.

Vegetine does not act as a cathartic to debilitate the bowels, but cleanses all the organs, enabling each to perform the functions devolving upon them.

PILES.

Vegetine has restored thousands to health who have been long and painful sufferers.

DYSPEPSIA.

If Vegetine is taken regularly, according to directions, a certain and speedy cure will follow its use.

PAINFULNESS AT THE STOMACH.

Vegetine is not a stimulating bitter which creates a fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic, which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

Vegetine acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretory organs, and allays inflammation.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

In this complaint the good effects of the Vegetine are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and Vegetine acts directly upon the blood.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

ROWELL & CHESMAN
Advertising & C. Agents,
1010 & CHESTNUT STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

NAME	RESIDENCE	STATE	YEARS	REMARKS
Adams, D.	Bellefonte	Pa.	10	
Allen, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	15	
Anderson, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	12	
Armstrong, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	18	
Baker, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	14	
Baldwin, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	16	
Barber, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	11	
Barnes, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	13	
Bartlett, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	17	
Bassett, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	19	
Baxter, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	15	
Beecher, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	12	
Bell, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	14	
Bellamy, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	16	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	18	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	19	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	20	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	21	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	22	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	23	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	24	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	25	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	26	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	27	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	28	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	29	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	30	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	31	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	32	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	33	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	34	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	35	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	36	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	37	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	38	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	39	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	40	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	41	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	42	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	43	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	44	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	45	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	46	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	47	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	48	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	49	
Bellows, J.	Bellefonte	Pa.	50	

Bellefonte Markets.

Bellefonte, Nov. 10, 1875.

The merchants have been quite well patronized during the week, and the amount of goods sold will compare favorably with the business for the same time during former years.

Wheat—The wheat market has been rather inactive since our last report. There is a rumor that freights have been, or soon will be, advanced from 24 to 26 cents per bushel from Chicago to New York, which will either depress prices at the West, or compel the grain to remain in first hands until navigation opens in the spring. If the latter shall be adopted, in all probability an advance at the East will follow.

Corn—There is a large amount of old corn in the country, and the prospect for an immense yield in the new crop is very favorable. The demand is limited, which must keep prices exceedingly low.

Oats—The outlook for oats indicates that the supply is in excess of the demand, and holders will have to wait till some of the surplus shall be consumed, before a market can be found.

White Wheat per bushel.....\$1.15
Red wheat.....1.10
Flour, retail per barrel.....6.00
Flour, wholesale.....5.50
HAY AND STRAW.....

Hay choice timothy per ton.....\$20.00
Hay mixed per ton.....15.00
Long ree straw, bundled per ton.....10.00
Short straw per ton.....6.00
Clover seed.....5.25

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per bushel.....	10
Apples per bushel.....	15
Cherries, dried, per bushel.....	5
Beans per quart.....	10
Peas per quart.....	10
Chickens, per piece.....	25
Turkeys, per lb.....	8
Cheese per lb.....	8
Hams per lb.....	12
Bacon.....	12
Sides.....	11
Lard per lb.....	13
Eggs per dozen.....	25
Tallow, per pound.....	12
Potatoes per bushel new.....	35
Dried Beef.....	35
Beef by the side.....	18
Cod Fish, tinned.....	12
Canned Tomatoes, per can.....	20
Oranges per doz.....	10
Lemons per doz.....	15

—Quotations of WHITE, POWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 25 South Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 8th, 1875.

U. S.	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873	1874	1875
U. S.	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873	1874	1875

Gold.....44 1/2
Silver.....100
French 5 Francs.....15 1/2
Reading.....75 1/2
Philadelphia & Erie.....20

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

ice lists.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Agricultural.

Management of Sheep.

A correspondent gives some excellent advice in the *Country Gentleman*, concerning the management of sheep, from which we clip the following:

In the winter not more than one hundred should be kept together, and a smaller flock is preferable in every respect. Sheep, if kept in large flocks, do not winter as well, besides wasting more food in proportion.

As to which breed will stand the greatest amount of cold, probably the Vermont merinos suffer the least from cold; but any sheep, if strong and healthy, with plenty to eat, will endure any amount of cold weather if they are only kept in a dry yard and have a dry place to eat and sleep in. Here is the great cause of failure in many cases—muddy yards and leaky sheds; or worse, no sheds at all.

The best food for sheep I ever used, all things considered, is good, bright, early cut hay, and one peck of corn and oats, mixed equal parts to 100 sheep daily. Roots may be well enough, but one season cured me of any desire to raise and feed them.

The sheds for 200 ewes should contain two thousand square feet of flooring, and more is better. Each sheep needs at least ten square feet of space.

The best rack I ever saw was simply six-inch boards nailed to posts like a common board fence, eight inches apart, three boards in height, with perpendicular slats four inches wide, twelve inches apart; rack eighteen inches wide, if only one side is used, thirty inches if both sides are used.

Lambs ought to be weaned when from sixteen to eighteen weeks old, in order that the ewes may get in good condition for winter.

Save The Best Fowls for Breeding.

It is the worst policy, says the *Poultry World*, to kill all the best and handsomest fowls, and save only the mean and scraggy ones to breed from. This is precisely the way to run out your stock; for like tends to breed like, and the result is, that by continually taking away the best birds, and using the eggs of the poorest, your flock will grow poorer and poorer every succeeding year. It would seem as though this was too plain to be insisted upon, but, in fact, "line upon line" is needed. It is the crying want of poultry upon the farms the country through—this careful and intelligent selection of the best for breeding. Nothing is lost by a little self-denial to start with. The extra pound or two of poultry flesh that you leave on its legs, instead of sending it to the market, is as good and will bring forth tenfold and twentyfold in your future broods. Save your best stock for breeding.

Household Notes.

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW.

Rub soft soap on the mildewed part, scrape chalk on it, and lay in the sun. Repeat the application till the stains are removed.

HOME MADE CREAM CANDY.

To a cupful of white sugar add two table-spoonfuls of water to dissolve it, and boil, without stirring, in a bright tin pan, until it will crisp in water like molasses candy. Just before it is done put in a tea-spoonful of extract of vanilla, or lemon, or peppermint essence, and a quarter of a tea-spoonful of cream tartar. When done pour into a buttered pan, and when cool enough to handle, work it as you would molasses candy, until it is perfectly white, then stretch and lay on a marble slab or moulding board. With a chopping-knife cut into mouthfuls and lay it on buttered paper on a plate. When children want candy by all means let them have that made at home, and they will not eat plaster of paris, chalk, starch, and poisonous compounds, which damage their stomachs and ruin their teeth.

A GOOD WAY TO USE DRY BREAD.

Make a batter of wheat flour and into this dip as many thin slices of dry bread as can be fried at once, and fry immediately. When done butter the slices, place them in layers, and serve at once.

SARATOGA FRIED POTATOES.

The real Saratoga potatoes are easily prepared and are delicious for breakfast or lunch. The first thing necessary for their preparation is the purchase of a small ap-

pliance of wood and steel, which somewhat resembles a carpenter's plane, which neatly shaves off the raw potatoes in slices almost as thin as paper. A handful of these slices is thrown into boiling lard, and as soon as they are nicely browned they are to be removed with a skimmer, care being taken to drain off every particle of the hot fat. They should be salted immediately, and kept in a hot dish by the fire until the right quantity has been prepared for the meal. The dish must not be covered, as that would make them fat-soaked. Potatoes cooked in this way look as daintily as they taste, and are very quickly made ready.

BOILING EGGS.

There is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand. It is this: The white under three minutes' rapid cooking becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left soft. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through like any other food. This result may be attained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to the dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly, and sufficiently, and to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the centre or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer and nicer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after having tried this method once.

Miscellaneous.

The Fashions.

Polonaises, Overshirts, Bonnets, and Veils.

NEW POLONAISES.

At each opening of French costumes new designs are shown for polonaises. These show most varied shapes, but the prevalent idea among them is the attempt to do away with elaborate bouffant drapery, and make straight, simply-shaped garments. The Marguerite seams are found in almost all backs of polonaises, and these seams are now lengthened more than ever by beginning, not merely in the shoulder seams, but in the back of the neck where the shoulder seam joins the neck. This makes three long seams down the middle of the back, and extending over the shoulders. The pelisse polonaise is the name given to an undraped garment just introduced by Worth. It resembles a gentleman's double-breasted frock-coat in shape, is open plainly from the waist down the back, has pocket-flaps on the sides, and is fastened by three buttons in front. The seams in the back are like those just described as beginning at the neck where it meets the shoulder, and these three seams are almost parallel down the back, except that the outer ones taper inward at the waist. The handsomest model of this is of black brocade silk, stiff enough for a dewater. This silk has black satin leaves so closely brocaded upon it that the repped ground is almost concealed. The trimmings are of the simplest kind, being merely facings on the collar and cuffs of cardinal red silk, while the slightest line of the cardinal appears down the back and front where the garment falls open; the lower edge is merely hemmed. The skirt to wear with this is plain black gros grain, with three very fine knife plaitings, each four inches deep, and set quite apart from each other, instead of lapping as in the present fashion.

SIMPLE OVERSKIRTS.

Among simple and stylish new overshirts is a good design that requires but two breadths of the wide wool goods now in vogue, yet is long enough and full enough for taste. The front is a wide, deep apron, with the fullness necessary for length laid in two folds high across the top. The back is a three-cornered piece, pointed in shawl shape below, trimmed all around, and its fullness laid in easy plaits set on the sides of the front. The middle of this triangular breadth would not be long enough for the puffed loop at the top of the back if it were sewed to the belt, hence it is suspended by a tape that is concealed under the two double box-plaits that its width requires.

BONNETS.

Felt hats are not chosen to match the costumes with which they are worn, but are trimmed with velvet and silk of the color of the dress. Light creamy white and wood-colored felts are chosen, and the gloves are of the same

shade. This brightens up dark toilettes, and permits the use of very dark materials for trimming the hat. The most distinguished looking bonnets are very high in front, with close sides and very full face trimmings. This shape is chosen for black and dark-colored velvet bonnets for church, visiting and receptions, and is not nearly as large as the shapes used for second-best hats and for general wear. For young ladies are flat-crowned flaring brim hats, that are worn just on the back of the head, encircling it like a halo, and showing nearly all the parting on top of the head; these are larger than the shape just mentioned. When made of black velvet, they are given a more youthful look by having facings of blue or rose silk inside—either shirred or plain—and a full trimming of shell loops, with sometimes a touffe of roses, or a feather tip oddly posed high on the left side. The best milliners are using gilt and silver galloons and ornaments a little more freely than at the first openings this season. These look especially well with black velvet. Two or three black ostrich tips are posed on end in front, on one side, or low behind, and made to curl over as much as possible. Gros grain or twilled silk in broad, deep folds, is then laid around the crown, coming up on its sides, and ending in a single loop, low behind.

NEW VEILS.

New veils are quite long again, with square corners, while the top is rounded and hemmed, and a string run into it to tie it around the bonnet. They are made of black Chantilly net, without dots, like fine tulle, and are finished with an inch-wide hem that has a row of fine, tiny gold beads at the top of the hem, for bonnets that have gilt trimmings, while jet beads are used on veils for other bonnets. They measure three-quarters of a yard in length when finished. They are tied around the bonnet, fastened around the neck to make them smooth across the face, just as mourning veils are worn, and the right-hand corner is then thrown back over the shoulder.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Longevity.

A correspondent desires us to mention the most noted instances of long life "recorded in the books." Probably the man who attained the greatest age since the days of the patriarchs (and their years may have been shorter than ours), was Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, England, who died in 1670, at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine years. It is recorded of him that he "died in poverty." If he had been in "comfortable circumstances," Mr. Jenkins might have lived longer. He remembered the battle of Floddenfield, in 1512, when he was engaged to pick up the arrows shot by the archers. The records of the courts prove that, one hundred and forty years before his death he was a witness on a trial. When one hundred years old, he swam the most rapid rivers with ease. Like all persons who have reached a great age, Mr. Jenkins passed his life in out-door employments; in fishing and tilling the soil.

Another long-living Englishman was Thomas Parr, who died in 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months. He was a farm laborer, and continued to work daily until he was one hundred and thirty years of age. Mr. Parr would doubtless have lived many years longer had not the King brought him up from Shropshire to London, where he was fed on such dainty fare that he died of a surfeit. The celebrated Dr. Harvey examined his body after death, and found all the organs in a healthy condition, and declared high living to have at last cut short his long career.

The grand-son of Thomas Parr, named Michael Michaelstone, lived to be one hundred and twenty-seven years old, which is a pretty good evidence that longevity is inherited.

The most remarkable instance of longevity in the United States which we can recall, and which is well authenticated, was furnished in the person of Joseph Crele, who died January 27, 1866, in Caledonia, Wisconsin, at the age of one hundred and forty-one years. He was born of French parents, in what is now Detroit. He was of temperate habits, except that he was an excessive smoker for most of his life. His active years were spent in hunting and fishing, and he chopped wood until within two years of his death.—*Exchange*.

School Marm.

Yes I do hate children and primary schools. I have cause to, though my dislike occurred rather later in life than it usually happens. I will tell you why, and then you won't wonder at my deep-rooted dislike. You see, when I lived in Salem I used to meet every morning the sweetest young schoolmarm in all Yankeeeland, and she ain't saying a litte. She had such bright black eyes, splendid complexion, cherry lips, and wore such little hats, perched on

masses of dark brown hair, that I fell dead in love at first sight. How I used to watch for her every morning as I walked through Blubber Hollow on my way to the train. I could detect her blocks away in her gray waterproof with caterpillar fringe on it. You see I am minute in my description, old boy, for the impression made on me was by no means light. Of course I was wild for an introduction; finally it came. I made my best bow, and she, well she just blushed divinely. You may be sure I laid myself out to do the agreeable and went to churches, etc., like a dutiful cavalier. Then I would stop at the school as it was closing, to see my charming home. Once, oh, fatal day, I reached the school house some ten minutes before the closing exercises, and watched with increasing admiration, the patience in teaching the wretches. Five minutes of two and the sweet voice gave the order, "Put away your books; fold your arms." "Now, James, come forward and I will punish you." Poor Jim, he set up an awful howl, and moved my pity to such an extent that I interceded for him, and went so far as to offer to take his punishment myself to save his youthful hide. Alas! I fancied that the schoolmarm was as spoony as myself, and my self-love and innate vanity told me she would bat tap my palm with her taper fingers. Well, my mediatory effort was successful. The sacrifice was accepted. James was remanded to his seat, and I, poor fool, took his place. The children sat with wide open eyes, watching this, to them, wonderful action on my part. Then came the order, "Take down your feet from on top of that desk, you Ellie Tuba." Then turning to me my fair enlaver remarked, "Hold out your hand, Sir." I held it out and heard a whistling in the air, and felt, oh yes, felt a band of red hot fire from the tips of my fingers to my wrist, as a strap some four feet long and two inches wide left its mark on my dexter fingers. The laughter of those imps and their teacher rang in my ears as I tore out of that school-house, and held a piece of ice in my flaming hand, while with the other raised to Heaven I swore eternal enmity to schoolmarm and primary schools.

A Minister Who Couldn't Stand the Test.

A well-known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie many years ago upon one of the lake steamers, and, seeing a small lad at the wheel steering the boat, accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat."

"Yes sir; but you see that I can do it, though."

"Do you think that you understand your business, my son?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you box it."

Boy boxes the compass.

"Well, really, you can do it! Let me hear you box it backwards."

Boy boxes it backwards.

"I declare, my son, you do seem to understand your business."

The boy now took his turn to question asking.

"Pray, sir, what may be your business?"

"I am a minister of the Gospel."

"Do you understand your business?"

"I think I do, my son."

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

Clergyman repeats the Lord's Prayer.

"Well, really, you do know it! Now say it backwards."

Clergyman says he cannot do it.

"You cannot do it, eh? Now you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

Clergyman acknowledged himself beaten, and retired.—*Providence Journal*.

AN OBSTINATE MOTHER.—Day before yesterday Mrs. Bliss, of Mallet street, found an encre deck in one of her small boy's pockets, and when she took him by the ear he addressed her calmly thus:

Hold on, mother, it isn't your play.

I'll play you, she hissed, tightening her grip, how came you by these cards?

Mother, you shouldn't trump me in this way! he shouted.

Trumps! Trumps! What do you know about trumps?

Why, mother, any fool knows that the right bower will take an ace every time!

It will, eh? she hissed, as she walked him round.

Of course it will. If diamonds are trumps for instance, and I hold the ace and left bow—

Bowers! bowers! I'll bower you to deathly young man! she said, as she walked him the other way.

Or suppose that spades were trumps, and you held the nine spot and king, and turned up the ace, what would you do?

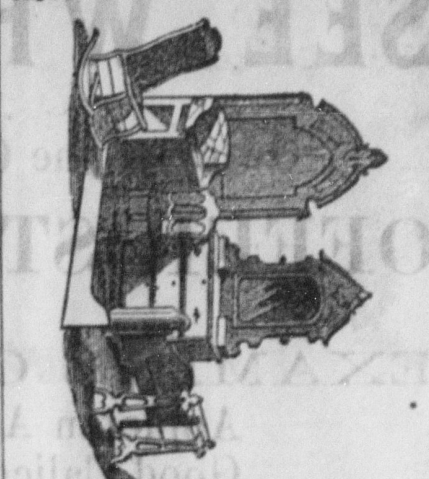
Oh, I'll show you what I'd do! she growled, as she put in a left hander on the other ear.

That wouldn't be Hoyle, mother; you could pick up the ace and make a point every—

But she affectionately drew him over her knee and played a lone hand.

Miscellaneous.

CENTENNIAL. CENTENNIAL.
Gould & Co., N. E. Corner Market and Ninth Street, 242 and 244 South Second Street, 27 and 29 North Second Street, Philadelphia.



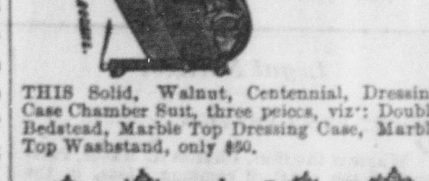
THIS Solid Walnut, Centennial, Italian Marble Top Chamber Suit, three pieces, viz: Double Bedstead, Marble Top Bureau, and Marble Top Stand, \$47.



THIS Solid Walnut Parlor Suit, covered in Hair-cloth, or any color wool Terry, seven pieces, \$75.



THIS Solid, Walnut, Centennial, Dressing Case Chamber Suit, three pieces, viz: Double Bedstead, Marble Top Dressing Case, Marble Top Washstand, only \$50.



THIS Fine Walnut Parlor Suit, covered in Hair-cloth or wool Terry, any color, seven pieces, \$145.

We will ship the above Suits to any address on receipt of price named. No charge for packing. For \$8.25, FOUR WALNUT CANE SEAT CHAIRS, ONE WALNUT CANE SEAT ROCKER, and ONE WALNUT TOWEL RACK, will be sent with either Chamber or Parlor Furniture equally reduced in price. The choicest patterns of Carpets sold at manufacturers' prices. Bedding in every variety. Name the price of any article of Furniture you may need, and we will send photograph. 22-12w

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LEMONT, CENTRE CO., PA.

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W. BROCKENHOFF, Pres't. J. D. SHEGERT, Cash'r.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., receives

Deposits and allows Interest, Discount notes, Buy and sell Government Securities, Gold and

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. 6-1-1y.

Professional Cards.

W. M. P. WILSON, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Mrs. Bender's building, Bellefonte, Pa. 6-1-1y.

A. O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, office on

High Street, corner of Diamond, second door from First National Bank. 6-1-1y.

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E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law,

Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Pa. 6-1-1y.

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law, Belle-

fonte, Pa. Office North-west corner of

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fonte, Pa. Special attention given to the

collection of claims. Office over Reynolds &

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1y.

BUSH, YOCUM & HASTINGS, Attorneys at

Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office north-east cor

ner of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank

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SCHITZER & MAGER, Attorneys at law, Of-

fice on Allegheny St., over Reynolds' bank,

Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English

or German. 6-1-1y.

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North side of Diamond, Bellefonte, Pa. Col-

lections carefully attended to, and remi-

tances promptly made. 6-1-1y.

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EDWIN S. DORWORTH, M. D., Physician

and Surgeon, Office at his residence, on

south side of Diamond, two doors above Gar-

man's hotel. Calls promptly attended day or

night. 6-1-1y.

D. R. W. RHONE, Dentist, has permanent-

ly located in Bellefonte, and may be found

at all times at his office (and residence) in the

"Towers Building," on Allegheny st., first door

North of Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store.

7-1-1y.

H. H. MOTHERSHEAD, M. D., Physician

and Surgeon, Calls promptly attended to

day or night. Office at his drug store, in

Beech Creek, Clinton county, Pa. Also dealer

in pure drugs and medicine, fancy and toilet

articles, etc. 6-1-1y.

MEDICAL.

Wright's Rejuvenating Elixir.

For the restoration of Nature's forces, it gives new life and vigor to the aged, and causes the blood of youth to course through the veins. It effectually cures Impotency, Enervation of the Heart, Loss of Muscular Power, Low Spirits, Disorganization of the Generative Organs, and all the train of life that follow in the path of the transgressor of Nature's laws. Price \$2 per bottle.

It will be readily understood that in the brief space afforded by the advertising columns of a public print, it is impossible to give all particulars of the diseases that may be cured by the CHIEF MEDICINES. That they are destined to become immensely popular is plainly obvious in consequence of the

GREAT INTRINSIC MERIT.

The pamphlet and circulars that accompany the medicines give all the information which cannot be given here, and the remedies may be had of any respectable druggist.

JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO., Wholesale Agents, New York, METROPOLITAN MED. CO., Proprietors, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

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DRUGGIST.

BUSH HOUSE BUILDING, BELLEFONTE. Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short notice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first-class drug store. Particular attention given to preparing Physicians' prescriptions, and family recipes. 6-1-1y.



PUT ON COSMOLINE.

Because wounded nature rapidly restores itself when thorough protection is afforded by spheric action. Science acknowledges a perfect application in COSMOLINE. No rancidity or decomposition. Healing without the slightest irritation or smarting. Leaves no scars. Results are astounding!

Any inflammation, old and corrupt sores, eruptions and skin diseases yield to it. It is Nature's faithful ally in all struggles. For Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Boils, Blisters, Chafing, Poisons, Bites, Piles, Itching Testes, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Mumps, Sore Throat, Coughing, Frosted Limbs, Chapped Skin. Whoever Uses it Recommends It.

The Pomade of Cosmoline never becomes rancid nor loses its rich perfume. It cures all scalp diseases, keeps the hair soft, glossy and free from dandruff.

Ask for PLAIN COSMOLINE, or for COSMOLINE POMADE; 50 cents a bottle, with the above trade mark and the name of E. F. HOUGHTON & CO., Philadelphia.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

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Miscellaneous.

"Unquestionably the Best and Cheapest Fashion Journal ever published in America."

THE

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.

UNEQUALLED in capacity and excellence by any other. Awarded THREE HIGHEST MEDALS AND DIPLOMA OF HONOR AT VIENNA, 1873; PARIS, 1867.

ONLY American Organs ever awarded any medal in Europe, or which present such extraordinary excellence as to command a wide sale there. ALWAYS awarded highest premiums at Industrial Expositions, in America as well as Europe. Out of hundreds there have been six in all where any other organs have been preferred. BEST hemispheres, to be unrivalled. See TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, with opinions of more than One Thousand (sent free). INSIST on having a Mason & Hamlin. Do not take any other. Dealers get LARGER COMMISSIONS for selling inferior organs, and for this reason often try very hard to sell something else. NEW STYLES with most important improvements ever made. New Solo and Combination Stops. Superb Etage and other Cases of new designs. PIANO-HARP CABINET ORGAN. An exquisite combination of these instruments. EASY PAYMENTS, for monthly or quarterly payments; or rental until rent paid for the organ. CATALOGUES and Circulars, with full particulars, free. Address MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont Street, BOSTON; 25 Union Square, NEW YORK; or 80 & 82 Adams St., CHICAGO.

GETZ'S
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THE BEST WORK FOR REED, CABINET, or PARLOR ORGANS IS GETZ'S School for the Parlor Organ. Sent by Mail, Price, \$2.50. LEE & WALKER, Phila.

Ayer's
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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effective remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of the virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attacks of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, sore throat, and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer from troublesome influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured. Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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MAIL STEAMSHIPS. ONLY LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Sailing every Thursday from PHILADELPHIA For QUEENSTOWN & LIVERPOOL. CABIN, INTERMEDIATE & STEERAGE. Accommodations Unsurpassed. Rates at low as any other First-Class Line. PETER WRIGHT & SONS, General Agents, W.W. POTTER, PHILADELPHIA. Penn R. R. Office, Agent, Bellefonte. 32-ly

Medicines, &c.

KEARNEY'S
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Is the only known remedy for BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

And a positive cure for GOUT, GRAVEL, STRICTURES, DIABETES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, DROPSY, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, Stertorrhoea, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Irregular or painful Menes, Bearing Down, Chlorosis, debility and all complaints incident to females.

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For Stone in the Bladder, Calculus Gravel or Brickbat Deposit and Mucus or Milky Discharges, and Diseases of the Prostate Gland. KEARNEY'S EXTRACT BUCHU cures Diseases arising from Imprudences, Habits of Dissipation, &c., in all their stages, without expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It causes a frequent desire, and gives strength to urinate, thereby removing Obstructions, Preventing and Curing Strictures of the Urethra, Alleviating Pain and Inflammation, and expelling all Poisonous matter.

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NO CHARGE FOR ADVICE AND CONSULTATION. Dr. J. B. Dyott, graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, author of several valuable works, can be consulted on all diseases of the Sexual or Urinary Organs (which he has made an especial study either in male or female, no matter from what cause originating or of how long standing. A practice of 30 years enables me to treat disease with success. Cures guaranteed. Charges reasonable. Those at a distance can forward letter describing symptoms and enclosing stamp to prepay postage. Send for the Guide to Health. Price 10 cents. J. B. DYOTT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, 31-ly 194 Duane Street, New York.

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We pay particular attention to heating buildings by steam. Copper smithing and re-boring old gas stoves done nicely and expeditiously. All our work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

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GREAT REDUCTION!

Good Revolvers - \$4.50

Single Shot Guns \$3 to \$12.00

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Powder, Shot, Cartridges,

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SHOT GUNS & RIFLES

at the lowest possible rates.

FIREARMS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY REPAIRED.

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BUREAUS, SOFAS, LOUNGES, HAT RACKS, WHAT-NOTS, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, STANDS.

STOOLS, &c. of every description, quality and price for sale cheaper than at any other establishment of the kind in Central Penn'a.

UNDERTAKER.

Ready-made Coffins, of all sizes and prices kept constantly on hand. Also Coffins manufactured to order. H. P. HARRIS. 16-10-ly

Expresses.

COLOMBO DERL - Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-28-ly

ISAAC LOSE Takes this Method to inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of express business and will deliver promptly to any point in Bellefonte or the county anything that may be trusted to his care. Thankful for past favors asks a continuance of public favor. 3-6-ly

JNO. D. SOURBECK, LOC. EXPRESS. A local express promptly attended to reasonable rates. Also, proprietor of all the bill boards in town. BILL POSTING A SPECIALTY. 4-16-ly

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S. A. McQUISTION

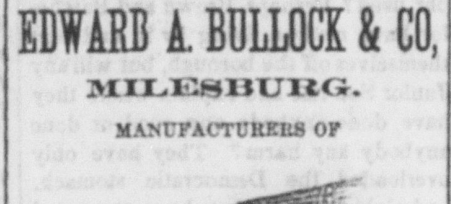


MANUFACTURER OF Buggies, Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, &c., REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO! SHOPS NEAR THE DEPOT, BELLEFONTE, PA. 3-4-ly

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EDWARD A. BULLOCK & CO., MILESBURG.

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BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES

SPRING WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

AND LUMBER WAGONS

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business near CENTRAL CITY MILLS.

Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

Repairing Neatly and Carefully Done, and satisfaction guaranteed. Our motto is, As Cheap as the Cheapest and Good as the Best. 7-23-ly

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W. T. TWITMIRE, dealer in

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WOODEN WARE

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KITCHEN FURNITURE

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COAL OIL

and Coal Oil Lamps and Chimneys, Roofing & Spouting promptly done. Our motto, as cheap as the cheapest and as good as the best. No. 4 Bush's Arcade, store formerly occupied by Lombarger. 6-11

W. WETSLER,

DEALERS IN

STOVES

OF THE LATEST AND BEST IMPROVED PATTERNS

TIN WARE

MANUFACTURED FROM THE

BEST QUALITY OF TIN,

AND SOLD AS CHEAP IF NOT CHEAPER THAN AT ANY OTHER PLACE IN TOWN.

SPOUTING

A specialty, and all orders attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

STORE OPPOSITE BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. 5-25-ly

Watches.

WATCHMAKER'S

REMOVAL.

F. C. RICHARDS

takes this opportunity to inform his friends that he has removed to the new building lately erected by Blanchard & McCafferty, next door to the office of Alexander & Co., on High St. At his new store he has increased facilities for doing business and guarantees entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired upon shortest notice. 10-11-75

CAR SHOPS.

BELLEFONTE
CAR MANUFACTURING CO.,

(Successors to W. V. Hughes.)

BELLEFONTE

Manufactures and keeps always on hand

WHITE AND YELLOW

PINE FLOORING,

Weather boarding, of various styles,

Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, Brackets, Scroll Sawing of every Description, and Brackets of all sizes made to order. Having a BUCKLEY'S PATENT LUMBER DRYER Connected with our establishment, we are enabled to manufacture our work from THOROUGHLY SEASONED LUMBER

Orders from CONTRACTORS, BUILDERS, DEALERS, and the trade generally solicited. BUCKLEY'S PATENT LUMBER DRYER, BELLEFONTE CAR MANF'G CO. 5-25-ly

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RAIL ROAD HOUSE

Corner Front and Pine Street,

PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO., PA.

ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.

The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best market affords. 14-25-ly

MERCHANTS HOTEL.

CUMMINGS & MAUGLE, FOURTH ST.

A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The accommodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-9-ly

Miscellaneous.

TASTELES MEDICINES.

A prominent New York physician lately complained to DUNDAS DICK & CO. about their Sandalwood Oil Capsules, stating that sometimes they cured miserably, but that a patient of his had taken them without effect. On being informed that several imitations were sold, he inquired and found his patient had not been taking DUNDAS DICK & CO'S.

What happened to this physician may have happened to others, and DUNDAS DICK & CO. take this method of protecting physicians, druggists and themselves, and preventing Oil of Sandalwood from coming into disrepute.

PHYSICIANS who once prescribe the Capsules will continue to do so, for they contain the Pure Oil in the best and cheapest form.

DUNDAS DICK & CO. use more Oil of Sandalwood than all the Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dispensaries in the United States combined, and this is the sole reason why the pure Oil is sold cheaper in their Capsules than in any other form.

OIL OF SANDALWOOD is fast superseding every other remedy, sixty Capsules only being required to insure a safe and certain cure in six or eight days. From no other medicine can this result be had.

DUNDAS DICK & CO'S SOFT CAPSULES solve the problem long considered by eminent physicians, of how to avoid the nausea and distress experienced in swallowing, which are well known to detract from, if not destroy, the good effects of many valuable remedies.

Soft Capsules are put up in tin-foil and neat boxes, thirty in each, and are the only Capsules prescribed by physicians.

Tasteless Medicines. - Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in Dundas Dick & Co's Soft Capsules. No taste. No smell.

These were the only Capsules admitted to the last Paris Exposition.

Send for circular to 35 Wooster Street, N. Y. B-Sold at all Drug Stores Here. 17-3m

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

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NINETY-EIGHTH EDITION.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to price charged. Also, all newspapers in the United States and Canada printing over 3,000 copies each issue. Also, all the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific, and Mechanical, Medical, Masonic, Juvenile, Educational, Commercial, Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Sporting, Musical, Fashion, and other special class Journals, very complete lists. Together with a complete list of over 3,000 German papers printed in the United States. Also, an essay on advertising; many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and everything which a beginner in advertising would like to know. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. 30-7-3m 41 Park Row, New York.

Dr. Tipple's Specific Liniment

Is a certain and positive cure for WOUNDS, BRUISES, STRAINS, BURNS, CHILBLAINS AND ESPECIALLY OLD SORES AND OLD ULCERS OF LONG STANDING which it is guaranteed to cure. It will also cure all

EXTERNAL DISEASES

of the horse and other domestic animals. Sold by all druggists. Price, seven cents per bottle. DR. R. D. TIPPLE, Bellefonte, Pa. 36-6m

\$5 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted. All classes of working people of both sexes, young and old, make more money at work for us, in their own localities, during their spare moments, or all the time than at any thing else. We offer employment that will pay handsomely for every hour's work. Full particulars, terms, &c., sent free. Send us your address at once. Don't delay. Now is the time. Don't look for work or business elsewhere until you have learned what we offer. G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. 7-2-ly

Miscellaneous.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO
PURE
AND
SILVER GLOSS STARCH,

For the Laundry.

MANUFACTURED BY T. KINGSFORD & SON.

BEST STARCH IN THE WORLD. GIVES A BEAUTIFUL FINISH TO THE LINEN, and that difference in cost between it and common starch is scarcely half a cent for an ordinary washing. Ask your grocer for it.

KINGSFORD'S
Oswego Corn Starch,

FOR PUDDINGS, BLANC MANGE, Ice Cream, &c.

Is the original—Established in 1845. And preserves its reputation as PURE, STRONG, ELI AND MORE DELICATE than any other article of the kind offered, either of the same name or with other titles.

STEVENSON MACADAM, Ph. D., &c., the highest chemical authority of Europe, carefully analyzed this Corn Starch, and says it is a most excellent article of diet, and in chemical and feeding properties is fully equal to the best arrow root.

Directions for making Puddings, Custards, &c., accompany each one pound package. For Sale by all First-class Grocers. 24-3m

AMERICAN WASH BLUE,

For Laundry and Household Use, MANUFACTURED AT THE American Ultramarine Works, NEWARK, N. J.

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Were again awarded the highest premium, over all makers, at the late Franklin Institute Exhibition, and are the only First-class instruments that can be obtained at Manufacturer's cost prices.

For an Elegant 1 1/2 oct. Rosewood Piano. The following are a few of the Principal Medals received: First Prize Medal, (Franklin Institute,) 1874 Silver " (Grand Piano) 1875 " Prize " Crystal Palace World Fair N.Y. 23 1845 " Gold " American Inst., N.Y. 1845 " Prize " Maryland Inst., Baltimore 1845 " Silver " Franklin Inst., Phila. 1845

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LOOK! LOOK!

We have a limited stock of

BILL HEADS

which we will print and sell for \$3 PER THOUSAND. \$2 PER FIVE HUNDRED.

Order now. We have only a limited stock at the above price and shall not probably have any more. Send for sample. REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

Merchant Tailors.

WM. S. TRIPPLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

McCAFFERTY'S NEW BUILDING, Opposite Depot, Has just received a large invoice of GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS.

of the latest styles,

FASHIONABLE SUITS

MADE TO ORDER AT LOW CASH PRICES. 15-12-ly

Merchant Tailoring Establishment

NO. 7, BROCKERTHOFF'S ROW, BELLEFONTE PA

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Centre county and the public generally, that he is just opening a Splendid and Rich Assortment of Foreign and Domestic

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

AND VESTINGS,

Which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable styles, for men or boys. Goods sold by the piece or by the yard. He also keeps on hand a full line of

Gents Furnishing Goods

of every style and variety, consisting of HATS AND CAPS, STRAW GOODS, MUSLIN OR LINEN SHIRTS, Underclothes for Summer or Winter Wear, Suspenders, Hose, Neck Ties, Collars, both Paper and Linen, Handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of KID GLOVES—"The Jovian"—a full assortment of sizes, colors &c., on hand. JOHN MONTGOMERY, No. 7, Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa. 14-24-ly

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lodge Directory.

Bayard Post, No. 20, A. R., meets every Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.
Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.
Bellefonte Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.
Centre Lodge, No. 155, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at the Odd Fellow's hall.
Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.
Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.
Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.
Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A. Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.
Bellefonte Chapter, No. 243, B. A. M., meets on Thursday night preceding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.
Constant Commandery, No. 5, K. T., meets on second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

The season approaches which brings us down to stern realities.

The November term of court commences on Monday, the 22d inst., and continues two weeks.

The new M. E. Church at Howard is almost completed, and will be dedicated in a few weeks.

The officers of the Grand Lodge A. Y. M., of this State, will hold a session of the grand lodge in Lock Haven, to-morrow evening.

Some of our young people have procured the Undine and instituted a series of hops for the forthcoming winter.

John Specie has been put in the Jefferson county jail for inebriety. When his time is up, we suppose he will resume.

The roof is almost completed on the new M. E. church. It is said that this structure will be the handsomest public building in Bellefonte when completed.

More life-insurance agents have been in Bellefonte during the last week than ever before, and they're all very solicitous about our widows and orphaned children.

The latest amusement resorted to by Bellefonte young ladies is to steal their brother's hat, put a rooster feather in the crown, turn down one side of the rim, and then wear it to church.

That board walk along Water street, from the High street bridge to the big spring, is as dangerous to stand on as the Erie platform. It must be repaired speedily or pedestrians, like the Democratic party, will break their necks on it.

A new school-house was completed in Howard township last week. It is a large, well-arranged, well-ventilated building, and is supplied with the celebrated Lewisburg desks. It is situated on the lower border of the old Packer homestead. Balser Weber, of Howard, was the contractor.

A NOVEL SALE.—Col. D. G. Bush has sold a house and lot to Benjamin Liggett and D. H. Hastings for the sum of two thousand dollars, to be paid on the day when General U. S. Grant is inaugurated president of the United States, for the third term of office, and not before. The payment of the money is secured by bond and mortgage, payable at the above uncertain period.

Jacob Rudy and another convict in Fort Shafter made their escape on Thursday last. Some workmen were repairing the water pipes and left the doors open, while carrying in some material, and the two birds seized the favorable opportunity to take some exercise outside. They struck for the Muncy mountains and have not been heard from since.

A. H. Strayer, of Clinton, and Blake Walters, of Clearfield, both Democratic candidates for treasurer of their respective counties were defeated on the 2d inst. It appears that the people now-a-days will vote pretty much for whom they please, and if a Democratic candidate don't suit Democrats, they do not seem to consider it sacrilegious to vote for a good honest Republican.

DEATH FROM CANCER.—Mrs. Heverly, wife of James Heverly, of Howard, this county, died on Friday last, after weeks of suffering from cancer in the breast. Deceased was a sister of Mrs. Wolfe, widow of the late Hon. S. S. Wolfe. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her and her death will be mourned by a large circle of sorrowing friends. The funeral took place on Sunday last, the interment being in the Eagleville cemetery.

The late Hon. Charles M. Hamilton who was buried last week, was a son of John Hamilton, of Pine Creek, Clinton Co., one of the oldest inhabitants. Deceased went to Florida at the close of the war and took an active part in the politics of the State. He was elected to Congress at the age of twenty-six, being at the time the youngest member. He was re-elected and at the expiration of his second term was appointed collector of the port of St. Augustine.

The Democratic orators of this county had considerable trouble in interpreting the Erie platform to their followers. Col. Bush manfully strove to drive the leaders to accept his views of the financial question. He told the people frankly that the Erie resolution on the finances meant more money—inflation as the best remedy for hard times. Meek thought it meant no such thing. The Democracy had not abandoned its gold and silver. So he left Joe Furey to write the editorials for the paper, and of course Joe spoke loudly for inflation, although about six months ago he advocated gold and silver as the proper basis of our currency. All other financial schemes were anti-Democratic. Alexander talked inflation, but with less effect than Col. Bush. Fortney announced himself a hard-money Democrat in one breath, and then proceeded to demand, in the next breath, the payment of the bonds in greenbacks, which would inflate the currency double its present volume. Bower feigned himself an inflationist, although he hardly understood what he ought to believe. The fellow wanted to believe in the Erie platform if only somebody could tell him what it meant. Magee undertook to tell the people in two or three speeches what he thought it meant, and succeeded in demonstrating that he didn't understand it and couldn't tell them of anybody who did. Spangler talked all over the county about reform, held up Pershing as the beau ideal of integrity and purity, but spat on the financial plank. He is the hardest of hard-money Democrats. Upon the whole we think Col. Bush made more reputation by squarely declaring the Erie doctrine to be in favor of the issue of more currency, limited only by the wants of trade. He made more votes in the county than all the half-hearted Democratic orators combined.

Mr. John Odenkirk, proprietor of the Old Fort Hotel, had an ugly sort of a visitor on election day. Aaron Durst, who had been on bad terms with the landlord for some time past, called into the bar-room, took a seat near the stove and proceeded to place his feet on the top thereof. The landlord suggested the impropriety of such a "pose," but Durst intimated that he enjoyed the position to his own satisfaction and would remove them when he pleased. The landlord, finding that those feet would not come down without some assistance, stooped down and reached under the stove to get a poker, which he thought would aid him in getting down the pedal extremities. At this point, Durst concluded that he could take care of his own feet and proceeded to remove them; but, in so doing, his boot came in contact with the landlord's nose so forcibly that the latter was fearfully broken and mangled, and remains to this day totally disabled, both as to use or beauty. Mr. Odenkirk, however, we hope will obtain satisfaction at the next term of court.

C. T. Alexander and J. L. Spangler, Esq., full of speech to the neck, went out to Pleasant Gap on the night preceding the election to unload their Democratic vomitings at the innocent people of that village. No doubt they anticipated a vast concourse of anxious listeners. Not so. Old Hoag, with his puffy Katrina and his hostler, made up a large portion of the multitude. Of course there was "Gip" Larimer and his boys. They came to do the cheering. Whether or not the orators discharged any of their surplus stuffings at them, we had no means of knowing, but the speakers, on their return, did not seem to have lost any of their fullness.

The Phillipsburg Journal says: "Our Postmaster on Wednesday made a personal call upon Postmaster Plummer, of Tyrone, for the purpose of arranging for improved mail facilities for this office, which, through the kindness of the latter, were successfully and immediately put into operation. Now, besides receiving New York mail upon the day of mailing in the city, we receive an evening way mail from all points on the main line east and west, and from points on the Bald Eagle Valley railroad. Both gentlemen certainly deserve the thanks of the public for their accommodating spirit."

REOPENED.—Mr. John W. Cooke has reopened his store on Allegheny street, near Reynold's bank. The room has been refitted in fine style and the large stock of goods now being placed on the shelves and in the ware rooms is entirely new, all having been bought in New York and Philadelphia during the last month. The store opened on Monday, and is pronounced by all to be the finest in town, and there are some very elegant stores in town.

It is remarkable how rapidly Osceola has recovered from the fire. We passed through there last week and, indeed, we could see little or no traces of the great destruction. The town is rebuilt, and with better houses and more apparent solidity, and none of the mushroom appearance that suddenly-built towns always have. It is one of the marvelous things of the day how speedily and how substantially Osceola has been rebuilt.

Go to Sechler's opposite our office, for all kinds of canned fruits. He keeps the very best.

PERSONALS.—Representative Shugert has been confined to his room for several days past, suffering from severe cold.

Prothonotary Williams is very proud of his majority, and his having led the county ticket seems to have cured his rheumatism.

Col. D. G. Bush, Judge Orvis and Doctor Wilson, with their families, will board at the Bush House this winter.

Max Liveright is selling out his Snow Shoe store at cost, preparatory to quitting the business in that place.

Rev. G. W. Miller, of this place, lectures at Curwensville to-morrow evening. Subject: "Shams."

Hon. George Hopson, of Kent, Connecticut, visited Bellefonte on Thursday and Friday last, and was the guest of A. O. Furst, Esq. Mr. Hopson, at one time, was an extensive and successful lumberman in the West Branch region, but has spent the last ten years in the former, his native State. He still owns large timber interests and several valuable farms in this section. Mr. Hopson is a man of rare abilities; is a shrewd, keen man of business, and as honest, honorable and upright a man as ever lived. He has given the politics of the country much study, and has mingled freely in the political discussions of New England; and, while he has always refused office, he has had much to do with filling them. Mr. H. is an old line Republican, and in an intellectual sense, is the Wendell Phillips of Connecticut.

Mr. Alexander Shannon, formerly of Potter township, this county, but for the last two years a resident of Lena, Ill., has been home on a visit for the last few days. He looks hale and hearty and says he likes the Western country.

Mr. J. S. Welch is building a large hotel near the depot at Howard.

Superintendent Meyer has begun his visitations to the schools. He will be in Snow Shoe and Burnside this week.

Hon. L. A. Mackey, of Lock Haven, presented the Bellefonte Library Association with an elegant map of the postal routes of Pennsylvania. It is five feet square, set in a good frame, and now adorns the walls of the conversation room. Thanks to Congressman Mackey.

Rev. Fisher dedicates his new Lutheran church at Centre Hall, on next Sabbath. Rev. Edward Wolf, professor of church history in the Gettysburg Seminary, will deliver the dedicatory sermon on that occasion. The church is a large and capacious brick building, adorned with a fine steeple. Our Lutheran friends anticipate a large gathering of people, with plenty of "loose rocks" to throw into the basket as it passes around for the benefit of the building committee.

Miss Mattie Taylor, of Clearfield, one of the most popular and intelligent ladies of that village, sojourns with her friends in Millheim.

General Theodore Gregg returned on Thursday to his post in the Treasury at Washington, D. C.

November 25th has been designated as the annual Thanksgiving-dinner day, both by the President and Governor.

To everything there is a season, and a time for everything, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.—Soloman. Now is the time to subscribe to the BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

Speaking of Mr. Robert Duke and General Blair's efforts for temperance, calls to mind one of Lincoln's stories: "I once owned," said he, "a beautiful dog; a neighbor asked me why I did not exterminate the fleas upon him. I replied, oh, he wants something to do, and so I let him scratch."

Our Democratic friends of Penas valley deserve special mention for their enterprise during the campaign. It required a drum corps and a band of brass horns at every meeting to collect a dozen voters and a few boys to listen to the Democratic wind-bags of the Court House ring.

We hear that a male egg, one that will hatch out a rooster, has on its pointed end small folds and wrinkles; while a female egg has no wrinkles, and is perfectly smooth at both ends and well rounded. It is evident that the "Watchman" is in a good many smooth eggs on Tuesday, for they brought out only one rooster on Friday.

The Centre County Political Temperance party may as well give up in despair, now that some chemist has produced a "beer powder," five cents' worth of which in a gallon of water, makes first-class lager beer. When a man can take five cents' worth of powder and step to the town pump and treat his friends to a gallon of lager, the temperance societies may as well shut up shop.

Our long-bearded friend, Col. John Rishel, of Gregg township, has induced the young men of his neighborhood to organize a brass band. They have purchased their instruments and already play considerably better than the band of this place. It is a down right shame and a disgrace to our town that Pennsylvania should have five good bands and Bellefonte "nary one."

We hope that Republicans who look over the official vote for Centre county will carefully study the lessons which it teaches. The majorities for the Democracy are unparalleled in the history of the county for the space of thirty-five years. What is the cause? There were four hundred Democrats in the county who did not vote. The Democracy can claim no credit for the great majority. They were not well organized, or their vote would not have stood at home to the number of four hundred. Chairman Bower need not lay the flattering unction to his soul that he did it; although he did well for a young man, as his vote on the Senatorial ticket will verify. What did the Junior Sons of '76 do? They almost doubled the Democratic majority; they bled the Republican party of the votes that swell the regular Democratic majority above its traditional figure. What good did it do them? The Democratic candidates who have this inflated majority, would, experience shows, have been elected anyhow. Where is the advantage? Where is the fun that pays for the powder used? Perhaps Brown and Batchelor have made a living by it, and kept themselves off the borough, but will any Junior Son rise and explain where they have done anybody any good or done anybody any harm? They have only overloaded the Democratic stomach, and sickened it; they have nauseated the stomach, but have done the body no good. If they have the satisfaction of seeing the Republican party standing afar off with an empty maw, the latter has the satisfaction of seeing the vomiting thrown where the stomach will be best neutralized. Nor did the Junior Sons do it all. The ultra temperance men, headed by such conscientious and virtuous (?) men as Robert Duke, Gen. W. H. Blair, B. L. Batchelor and Dr. Brown, have arrayed the Republican party for ever against them. They must look to the Democracy next fall for a pair of temperance candidates for the Legislature. We now venture the assertion that the Democracy will nominate two Legislative candidates next fall who are as unknown to temperance as the present incumbents are to fame; and we predict that these same Democratic temperance leaders will champion them with as much assiduity as they did Audley Browne. If they have not yet convinced temperance Republicans that the latter are nineties, they will do so effectually next fall. General Blair now chuckles over his success in running the temperance campaign and boasts of his capacity and ability to swell the Democratic majority to fifteen hundred whenever the Democracy command him to bring the temperance vote to their relief. We hope that Republican temperance men will learn a salutary lesson from a perusal of the table of the Centre county vote.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Are you suffering with consumption, coughs, severe colds settled on the lungs, or any disease of the throat and lungs? If so go to your druggists, F. P. Green and J. Zeller & son, and get a bottle of BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP. This medicine has lately been introduced from Germany, and is selling on its own merits. The people are going wild over its success, and druggists all over our country writing us of its wonderful cures among their customers. If you wish to try its superior virtue, get a sample bottle for 10 cents. Large size bottle 75 cents. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—An unfortunate accident happened to J. H. Lever, Esq., of Half Moon township, on the 28th ultimo. He was returning home from his shop to his supper, and happening to meet Mr. Thomas Fink, who was carrying a loaded gun, at the store of Mr. J. V. Gray, was going to shake hands with him. In the act of doing so, Mr. Fink's gun fell from his shoulder, and the hammer striking the walk, the weapon was discharged, shooting Mr. Lever through the calf of the leg, half way between the ankle and the knee, making a very bad flesh wound. No bones broken.—[Watchman.]

"THROUGH THE BOOK."—The Presbyterian congregation of this place have undertaken the task of singing through their church hymnal, beginning with the first hymn and singing them in succession to the end. The task was begun last Sunday evening, and the congregation mastered sixteen tunes on that occasion. They'll finish the book by spring, if they have luck. The energetic pastor will always be inventing something new Wylie lives.

Hugh A. Clarke, Professor of music in the University of Pennsylvania, has given, in Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte, a work which is destined to supersede instructors heretofore in vogue. It will be sent by mail for \$3.75, by book and music houses.

A match game of base ball between the "Centennials," of Phillipsburg, and the State College, was played on the grounds of the latter, on the 30th ultimo, the result showing a victory for the latter by a score of 30 to 9.

Our public schools are well attended and well taught, and tax-payers are well pleased.

A would-be county treasurer, in Clinton, thought he was wise, and so he undertook a job too heavy for his size. And when he found the thing was done, he saw, to his surprise, that an immense majority thought just contrariwise. Gone to meet Blake Walters.

McClure's Times nominates Hon. Wm. H. Armstrong for Attorney-General.

Epizooty prevails in many parts of the country, and horses are generally laid up.

On Sunday next, the Lutheran church at Pine Hall will be dedicated. A general invitation is extended.

The temperance maggot no longer fattens off the brain of Gen. Blair and Robert Duke.

The "nobbist," newest, neatest overcoats that go around the town came from John Montgomery's, No. 6 Brock-erhoff Row.

Thieves entered Thompson's Mill, at Potter's Bank, a few nights since, and stole enough provisions to last a regiment all winter.

The epizooty prevails largely, it is said, in different parts of this county, and is becoming contagious. District Attorney Spangler is at present suffering from an aggravated attack.

A little scrutiny of the official vote of this county will demonstrate that the Republican Graugers of Centre county did not vote for Victor Pliollet. They stuck to their own ticket like men.

LADIES, ATTENTION.—Furs, furs, furs. Montgomery has made a new department in his business. seal, mink, astracan, sable and all kinds of furs, furs, furs for the ladies.

That vigilant sentry upon the watch-tower of Liberty—Fred Kurtz—has ceased his glaring scrutiny of Republican candidates, and is engaged on a biographical sketch of "Anna Maria, the fallen Pomona of the grange."

DEDICATION.—The Evangelical Lutheran church, at Centre Hall, will be dedicated, D. V., to the service of the Triune God, on the 14th of November. All neighboring ministers and the community in general, are cordially invited to be present. Rev. Prof. E. J. Wolf, of the Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa., will preach the dedicatory sermon. W. E. FISCHER, Pastor loci.

Time is money. Not a bit of it. Time is time and money is money. You can save both by going to Sechler's famous grocery in the Bush House Block, opposite our office, on High St., where there is a continual rush of customers, and gentlemanly clerks always ready and willing to accommodate.

MATRIMONIAL.—Esquire Gepheart sat in his office, as dignified and pleasant a gentleman as can be found within the limits of this or any other county, on Monday evening, talking to a couple companions. The office door opened and in stepped a lady and gentleman, one would suppose so at least, for one wore the habiliments of a man and the other of a woman.

"We desire to be married," said the male, in rather feminine voice.

The "Squire arose, adjusted his spectacles, smoothed his hair, threw his cigar out the window, leaped over a book, requested the couple to rise, and in a slow measured voice said:

We are gathered together here in the presence of God and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which is honorable among all men, and, therefore, is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, solemnly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy state these two are about to be joined; if any one can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else, hereafter, for even hold his peace.

Nobody objected, and the ceremony went on, and the couple were duly and solemnly declared man and wife. A marriage certificate was made in due and ancient form, the Justice having some difficulty to spell the Frenchy names.

When the new-made husband asked what the bill was, the Justice noticed that he was laughing immoderately, and suspicion at last was aroused. He became somewhat indignant and demanded the cause of the intolerable laughter which suffused both of them. The "man" now pulled his wig off and revealed the face of Miss Elizabeth Bancy.

Did the "Squire get angry? No, indeed; he was dazed for a moment, and then a broad grin overspread his countenance, which deepened into the heartiest laugh he ever indulged in.

He intimated that there was another Justice in town who might not enjoy such a joke so well. The hint was sufficient and the couple repaired to the office of Esq. Furey, and the matrimonial knot was tied *cum dignitate*. But when the awful truth burst upon his understanding, it is said that he cleared out the wedding party suddenly and without the regular benediction, while the sky in that vicinity for several minutes was lit up with vigorous flashes of perscution—egghh.

Oysters fresh and nice at Sechler's.

JAMES T. HALE, Esq.—Powers' Democrat, noticing the advent of our former friend and fellow citizen, in New York, gives him the following friendly shake of the hand:

"We are pleased to welcome to this city James T. Hale, Esq., a talented young lawyer of Bellefonte, Pa., who has formed a partnership with, and become the junior member of, the firm of Davis & Hale, Room 28, No. 229 Broadway. Mr. Hale is a son of the late judge Hale, former member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and is possessed of much of that which is good blood and genuine ability allied to a hearty pluck. With the very highest order of testimonials to his worth as a man and gentleman he comes to make this city his home, and we predict for him a speedy foremost position in the law, its honors and profits.

A nice lot of Peerless potatoes at Sechler's, in the Bush House block.

THE EPIZOOTIC.—European savants predict that there will be trouble with horses from now until the middle of May next, such as we have never before had. They assert that there are now found in the atmosphere particles of fine dust, red in appearance, like cayenne, tasteless, but which induces sneezing, followed by the well-known epizootic. Owners of horse-flesh are cautioned not to use their horses roughly, or at all, during an attack. Keep them well blanketed, and rub lard or olive oil on the throat, morning noon and night. In Paris, Major Bayley, the far-famed French horseman, says, out of scores and scores of diseased horses he did not lose three cases. He used medicine, but he followed this treatment, and said good grooming was the secret of his success. The fact is, in this country, we over-work and over-strain our horses. You might as well undertake to work a man when suffering with typhoid fever, as to work a horse with this often fatal disease.

Go to Sechler & Co's., for your groceries. They keep none but the very best.

GRAPE CULTURE AND WINE.—The culture of the grape in New Jersey is getting to be one of the most important industries of the State. The principal varieties raised are the Oporto and Concord. Dr. Speer's vineyards at Passaic promises a larger yield this than any previous year. In consequence, Mr. Speer has reduced the price of his Port Grape Wine. The oldest can now be had for \$1 per bottle from any of the Druggists. It is used for medicinal purposes as a superior wine, and in families as an excellent evening party wine. Its intoxicating properties are so slight that the weakest person may use it to advantage, and temperance people cannot object to its use for medicine.—Evening Bulletin.

J. Zellers & Son, agents, Bellefonte.

MARRIED.

On the 29th ult., at Phillipsburg, by Wm. Hiddle, Esq., Mr. Hamlin and Miss Nancy Mays, all of Clearfield county.

On the 28th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, in Norristown, Pa., by Rev. A. J. Weddel, assisted by Rev. D. M. Wolf, Rev. L. Kryder Evans, of Pottstown, Pa., to Miss Ella V. Lonzaker.

On the 28th, at the Lutheran parsonage in Hahlersburg, by J. A. Bright, Mr. J. A. Bradley, of Millsburg, to Miss Annie Eckley, of near Bellefonte.

On Wednesday, October 27, by Rev. Everett Hamill, D. D., Prof. John Hamilton, of the State College, to Miss Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Moses Thompson, of Centre Furnace, Pa.

DIED.

On the 21st, in Haines twp., of consumption, Howard, son of John Homans, aged 25 years.

On the 22nd, near Jacksonville, Andrew, 16son of John and Sarah Korman, aged 11 days.

At her residence in Karthaus, Clearfield Co., Pa., on Saturday, Oct. 6, 1875, Mrs. Catherine Schnars, wife of the late J. F. Schnars, dec'd, aged 77 years, 9 months and 27 days.

The subject of this notice was born in Goshen Hopewell, Montgomery county, Pa., December 19, 1797, and immigrated to this county in 1814, with her parents, the late John and Catharine Ritter, deceased; she was married in 1816, was the mother of 14 children, 13 grown to manhood and womanhood, 11 of whom are yet living; 30 grand children, 38 great-grand-children; total 132 children.

The parents of the deceased were among the first settlers in this part of the county, one brother (John Ritter) her survivor. Mr. and Mrs. Schnars lived to see all their children married, and with one or two exceptions they all reside in the vicinity of Karthaus.

Grandmother Schnars, (by which name she was familiarly known) was received into the Lutheran church in her youth, and was always a consistent, upright member, never absent from the services of God's house, whether preaching or prayer-meeting, except when providentially hindered. Her devotion to the church prompted her to do her utmost for its welfare, always ready to minister to the wants of pastor and people. In her death the church has lost a nursing mother, and the community a devoted christian. But what is our loss is her eternal gain. We do not doubt but that she heard the Master say, "It is enough, come up higher." Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Her funeral took place on Wednesday, October 30th, at 10 o'clock, in the St. John's Lutheran church, followed by an enlarged and wide circle of friends.

The occasion was improved by the writer from Rev. 14:12 to a large and sympathizing audience. Her remains were placed by the side of her husband in the Union cemetery to await the coming of her Lord and Master.

P. R. S.

[Additional Local on 4th page.]